



SATURDAY NIGHT

Vol 19 No. 19

Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors,
Office 36 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 17, 1906.

TERMS: (Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (In Advance), \$2.) Whole No. 955

The Front Page

There is a reason for everything if you go back far enough to find it. One day a couple of years ago the citizen soldiers of North York were parading on the upper lengths of Yonge street, their brilliant uniforms glancing in the sun. Their officer, seated on a powerful war-horse, looked over the ranks of his men, and was proud of them. It was indeed a sight that would have gladdened the eye of Napoleon. A cloud of dust arose some distance ahead and the officer in command stood up in his stirrups. He saw what it was, an automobile approaching at a rapid rate. It came on without hesitation. Neither fear of these armed men nor respect for the King's livery caused the chauffeur to slow down. The officer's somewhat too ample horse did not like the puffing machine and reared and backed—reared and backed into the ditch, and into the ranks of the soldiery who jumped aside and scattered, their helmets toppling. In a moment all was confusion and disorder. Brave men hid them to fence corners. The scandalized officer at this instant heard a derisive voice call back from the vanishing automobile: "You're a nice bunch of soldiers, you are!" That indignant horseman was Mr. Herbert Lennox, M.P.P. for North York, who now, in the Legislature, seeks to impose restrictive laws on the automobilists. He does not base his arguments on the demoralizing effect these vehicles have on the rural militia, yet as he reads his bill, clause by clause, he must feel that he is getting good and even with the unknown chauffeur who routed the York Rangers and jeered at the ruin he had made.

There is one phase of this automobile question that few pause to consider, and I can best illustrate it by giving a somewhat parallel instance. The farmer regards the automobile as an extravagant foolishness. S. P. Langley, the inventor, died the other day, after spending \$100,000 and the greater part of his life in trying to perfect a flying machine. Those who denounce the automobile as merely the fad of the rich, would regard the flying machine as a yet greater folly. Langley did not succeed in what he undertook, and yet, while he spent \$100,000 in his experiments, the money was by no means wasted. What he needed for his flying machine was the greatest possible strength with the least possible weight, and in pursuit of these objects he made discoveries that are now in universal use. The world was wasting materials and following wrong calculations until a man who was determined to fly was driven by his failures, to figure more closely and make nicer tests than others had been compelled to do. The automobile is bringing about the very same thing, but, probably, in a way and to an extent that more closely concerns everybody. The farmer who, when he sees one of these machines coming, turns his prancing Clydesdales up a sideline to avoid a meeting, is a foolish man if he regrets the invention of the automobile. It may seem a nuisance at present, but it is going to be his salvation. It is going to make life on the farm worth living, and it is going to do it before he is much older. Millions of dollars of capital are invested in the manufacture of automobiles in America, and wherever there is a factory there is a feverish anxiety of experiment to get cheapness, simplicity, strength and lightness. Electricity, steam, gasoline, alcohol—every kind and combination of motive power, and every possible method of using it, is being tried. So far only expensive machines can be made and sold, and the well-to-do are buying them, and by thus buying them they are financing experiment, endowing research and ensuring success at last. Already much has been done. Fishermen on the Georgian Bay with their gasoline launches can dodge in and out among the rocks, lift their illegal nets, and scoot away to market with their hauls of fish, laughing at detection and pursuit. Ere long the farmer with his gasoline wagon will dodge in and out of town. To-day gardening is practically confined to the district within easy horse distance of the Toronto market. Soon the farmer thirty miles away from the city will reach market with his products in an auto as quickly and easily as now does the gardener who teams his produce six or seven miles. The farmer cannot afford to buy an automobile as yet, and a new vehicle like this has got to be expensive at the outset; it has got to be the amusement of the rich before it becomes the convenience of the many. The men who can afford it are buying expensive cars, testing their serviceability and supporting a great industry that will presently pass the stage of experiment, and produce a cheap and good machine that will revolutionize farm life.

The clever people of the neighboring republic will be none the worse for a little bit of watching in connection with Niagara Falls. While some of them are arousing public opinion with a view to having the Falls preserved as a spectacle, others are endeavoring to persuade the authorities at Washington to set up a peculiar claim. What they contend for is that the hitherto accepted idea as to where the international boundary runs over the brink of the cataract is misleading, and that the Falls should be apportioned between the two countries, not with a foot-rule but by the quart measure. They claim that the water passing over the Falls is international and should be equally divided. That this contention is being made seriously and urged on the Washington authorities gives alarming confirmation to the prediction that before long the American side of the Falls will probably be a dry, bare cliff. Already they are preparing to lay claim to some of the horse-power tumbling over the Canadian side—they want to halve the available horse-power of the cataract. It looks as if there were designs upon all the power that Niagara possesses. Nor is that all. It is proposed that the preservation of Niagara shall be made an international question, and taken out of the hands of New York State and the Province of Ontario. Washington is to take it up, and the scheme apparently is to pass over Canada altogether and negotiate with Great Britain. The national Government will not care to treat with a dependency—besides the luck Uncle Sam has had in all his boundary disputes where British diplomats had Canadian territory to part with, will naturally cause Washington to prefer dealing direct with London. This is where Canada needs to buck in the traces. The Province of Ontario should begin by refusing to surrender her control. But if it becomes necessary to have an international commission to decide whether Niagara shall be measured with compasses or a dipper, then Canada should insist that Canadians are good enough citizens of this Empire to wholly supply the Empire's representation on any commission having to do with so local a dispute. There is no telling what an

Alverstone would think, say or agree to, if this Niagara case were submitted to him. He would probably show his breadth of mind by deciding every point against those of his own national family. Diplomats have demonstrated their wisdom of mind by narrowing our boundaries very much in the past. Keep your eye on Washington. Heads are getting together in that quarter.

In the meantime Hon. J. P. Whitney and his colleagues in the Ontario Government must be drawing nearer the conclusion that they can do nothing in connection with Niagara power that will amount to a hill of beans, unless they take the daring step of expropriating the Power Company and operating it as a provincial public work. It would cost six or seven million dollars, but the electrical energy would pay every cent of it. I am advised that the province could get interest on its investment and still sell energy at from ten to fifteen dollars per horse-power less than the company's contract prices. Success would justify the Whitney Government in this bold proceeding, and it would be one of those strokes of policy that would stand out for a generation as an event to date from. Nothing less than expropriation and operation of the power plant will affect the power situation in the least.

His Majesty the King is one of us. He works for his living. Giving audience the other day to one of his subjects King Edward remarked that he often worked twelve hours a day, and knowing the blessings of hard work he greatly sympathized with the unemployed. No

the building of the City Hall in Toronto. A commission is building the Grand Trunk Pacific, while another is constructing the Temiskaming line. There is talk of creating still another on which the deficits of the Intercolonial can be blamed. In this off-hand enumeration it is probable that I have overlooked several of the least obtrusive commissions that are solving the difficulties of governing this country at the present time. Sooner or later Parliament and the Legislature will become jealous of the commissions that take the cream off the legislative business of the country.

A striking instance of the way the determined purpose of a company can wear down the shifting, changing, now-hot, now-cold resistance of a municipality, is afforded in the case of the Bell Telephone Company and the city of Toronto. Nine or ten years ago the company offered to pay \$20,000 a year for a five-year renewal of its agreement with the municipality, the price of phones to be increased \$5 each per year. The municipality would not hear of such a thing! During the nine years that have elapsed there has been talk at various times of establishing a municipal service or of granting a franchise to a rival company, but nothing has come of it. The municipality during those years has declined in all about \$200,000 that the Bell people were willing to pay, nor have the telephone users been protected against an increase in rates, for 9,000 out of 12,000 of them are, and for years have been, paying the extra \$5 per phone that the company asked for in the first place.

or Scotch whiskey, considerably more proof spirit than is found in the strongest port wine, and two-thirds as much as the ordinary grades of whiskey. He says, "It does not appear to belong to the class of patent medicines," and "it becomes a question as to whether it can be legally sold by druggists without a liquor license." Alcohol is valuable as a preservative, but where a mixture is almost devoid of solids, what is there in it for alcohol to preserve? Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains more solids, but almost the same percentage of proof spirit as Peruna. Paine's Celery Compound and Burdock Blood Bitters contain somewhat less proof spirit, more solids than Peruna and less than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In short, all these medicines, which are widely advertised and widely used by people who know nothing of their contents, would, according to the Dominion Analyst, rank as hilarity-producing beverages about the same as port wine if used as freely. Medicines of this class—particularly a medicine that draws from an official source such a report as I have quoted—should be denied free sale or should be forced to confess its contents on its wrapper. An alcoholic stimulant with this degree of effectiveness should not be allowed to seep through the community without its true character being known.

By a piece of dime novel journalism, a young reporter on the *World* has wrought confusion and caused consternation in legislative and educational circles. He is accused of having tried to secure by misrepresentation, and of having secured by theft, a proof sheet of part of the report of the Commission on the reorganization of the Provincial University. This stolen State document was published, its contents scattered broadcast, before the commissioners had revised their work, and, of course, before they had reported to the Government. Published prematurely, fragmentarily and sensationally, the aims of the men who have been laboring for months on this question have been, to a large extent, frustrated by a scatter-brained boy who seemed to have found himself momentarily with the whole power of the modern newspaper at his disposal for purposes of mischief. Who has gained anything by this feat of news-getting? The young reporter who is accused of stealing the proof sheets is involved in serious trouble. The Commissioners are dismayed by this contemptible accident which gives a sorry ending to a serious work; the Government are being questioned and advised in the Legislature, and button-holed at every turn in connection with the contents of a document they have not seen, and which when received may be quite different from its unauthorized version; a hundred professors and lecturers of the University are stewing in the pan with anxiety. And what has anybody gained?

The young man who thinks it is necessary to lie and steal in order to be successful in journalism should stop and think. Where are the men who, in the history of newspaper work in Toronto—



ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

doubt, reigning over the British Empire is hard work, but it is a steady job and has its compensations. Hard work is a blessing, for it keeps a man interested in life and keyed up to the best that is in him. But the "unemployed man" does not grieve because he has nothing to do with his time. The thing that worries him is that he cannot get work his family cannot get food. Nobody but the man who has been close enough to it to see the white of its eyes, knows what a fierce countenance is worn by the wolf of Want. The man who is up before daylight so that he may hurry from place to place on the chance that he may get employment, who hears of openings at the other end of the town that are closed when he gets there, and who arrives home at night pretending that he has had supper, because if he ate he would leave the cupboard bare for the morrow—he knows what it means to be unemployed, and he regards work not as a blessing, because it keeps him busy and contented, but as a necessity because it keeps him alive. Kings and statesmen, merchant princes, captains of industry, they all work, and many of them work hard—but they work from choice, they partake of its blessing, they might cease if they would, for on them is not the whip of necessity. It is the difference between work and toil, between a career and an existence, between serving on the quarter-deck and serving down in the black hole where the stokers burn and sweat.

No man of fashion can be induced to admit that he is not on nor interested in a Commission. They abound. They are taking evidence everywhere. The Insurance Commission is sitting in Ottawa and the Fish and Game Commission in Toronto. The University Commission is mourning its pilfered proof sheets. The Ontario Power Commission, which is not the Niagara Falls Commission, is almost ready to report, and the Ontario Electric Railway Commission is about to be named. The Dominion Railway Commission is at large somewhere, but doing no particular harm to the railways. Judge Winchester is a special Commission to search the pockets of aldermen and contractors who had to do with

It is only the fear that they will look as foolish as they feel that causes the city fathers to hesitate now to make the bargain they have shied at for ten years past.

A correspondent has sent me a letter concerning last week's article on patent medicines. The writer is Mr. F. E. Morrison of Berlin, and he says: "I read with a great deal of interest an article in your issue of 10th inst., dealing with the quantity of alcohol in some of the most widely advertised patent medicines. Either you were misinformed or else there is no ground for uneasiness concerning the alcoholic strength of these preparations. In the first part of the paragraph the word 'alcohol' appears several times, and many of your readers will, no doubt, believe that the words 'proof spirit,' used later on, refer to alcohol. Now, proof spirit is a mixture of alcohol and water containing only 49 per cent. alcohol by weight (equals 57 per cent. by volume). Hence, according to your statement that Peruna contains 38.87 per cent. proof spirit, I understand that it contains 18.946 per cent. alcohol, i.e., 49-100 of 38.87. Now, 12 per cent. to 15 per cent. of alcohol is necessary as a preservative. The remaining alcohol is likely necessary to aid in solution. Then Paine's Celery Compound, has 32.19 per cent. proof spirit, i.e., 15.77 per cent. alcohol. Do these preparations contain enough alcohol, in excess of what is necessary for preservation, to be classed as 'white-choked tipples,' and real old stingo with a mask on?" A little further explanation of this would greatly oblige."

A patent medicine that contains more proof spirit, and, therefore, more alcohol than port wine, and two-thirds as much as is found in the ordinary grades of whiskey, should not be consumed by the people without their knowing what it is they are drinking. That is the point I wish to make. The difference between the terms "alcohol" and "proof spirit" merely serves to confuse the mind, for in testing either whiskeys or patent medicines it is the proof spirit content that is ascertained by the analyst. Speaking of Peruna, the Dominion Analyst says that it contains less total solids than ordinary rye

sooner or later, leaving few to regret his going. The successful news-gatherer is the one who wins and retains the confidence of the men with whom he comes in contact.

By the first day of May 150 hotels throughout Ontario will either be closed as a result of Local Option, or conducted without any compulsory attention to the needs and interests of the travelling public. The license laws were framed on the assumption that in every place where a house of public accommodation was required it would have a liquor license and come under the regulations of the Act and the supervision of the inspector. The Local Option clause was added later, and no provision exists for requiring houses of public accommodation to be maintained in local option towns, or of compelling those who pretend to run temperance hotels to give satisfactory accommodation to guests. The commercial travellers who go through the province are deeply concerned in this matter and are urging the Government to deal with it in some way. They are not discussing the question of liquor selling at all. They are speaking for the stranger who enters a town or village and wants a decent supper, a clean bed and a breakfast, and for which he is willing to pay value. The Commercial Travellers' Club of London passed a resolution the other day which may be taken as fair evidence that the travellers have substantial grounds for their dread of the increased hardships of the road unless a policy is devised whereby a new kind of public house can be established where the old kind has been abolished by local vote. Here is the resolution: "In order to practically demonstrate that public houses are a necessity for the travelling public in the smaller towns and villages of Ontario, this club will assume the entire expense of a representative of any temperance association in Canada who will accompany one of our travelling men on his regular weekly business trip, or if all the different temperance associations desire to participate, this club will assume one-half the entire expense of one representative from not more than six different temperance associations to go through six districts with six of our active travelling men." This offer is made so that those who doubt the reality of the grievance may put it to the test.

One must go away from home to get the news. A San Francisco paper informs its readers that the people of British Columbia have lost all patience with British connection and the existing relations with Eastern Canada, and are at present perfecting plans for annexing that province to the United States at an early date. It is suggested that in another three or four years at the most the goods will have been delivered and everything comfortably settled. No word of this impending dismemberment of the Dominion and this great real estate loss to the Empire, has as yet reached Ottawa or Toronto. The people of Vancouver and Victoria will be taken by surprise when they receive this outside news concerning themselves.

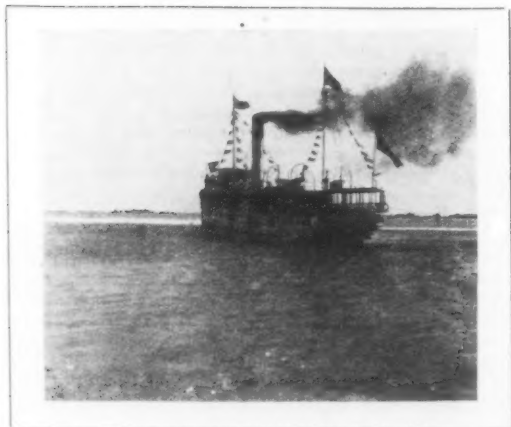
Here is another instance. The London *Express* contains a cabled despatch from Winnipeg commenting on the result of the British elections. "Canada feels that Great Britain does not care a fig about improving trade relations with her colonies," says this despatch, "but will take all and give nothing. There is now a movement to revive the United States reciprocity question, and I am in a position to say on the best authority that it will be one of the main planks in the Conservative platform." A man whose voice is in good condition is, of course, in

a position to say anything he chooses, but it is simply absurd to say that Canada turned a despairful face towards the United States when the news came that Balfour and Chamberlain had been snowed under in the British elections. Nobody in Canada expected Chamberlain to win a verdict at the polls, and the despatches sent to England representing this country as heartbroken on reading the election returns, were all part of the British political campaign. These stories are meant to make John Bull toss on his pillow and do some thinking. There is no "movement for reciprocity" with the United States as a consequence of the British elections, nor is there any likelihood that the Conservative party will put any such plank in its platform. Instead of that, we have a Liberal Government at Ottawa puzzling its mind how to hoist the tariff yards higher than it is without openly confessing that the old free trade and reciprocity party has been fully converted to Protection. The Conservative Opposition will probably censure the Liberal Government for not going far enough in the way of retaliation against our high-tariff neighbors. The two parties, in short, will compete for public favor by standing for home industries against outside manufactures, whether British or foreign, with a little extra hostility towards those that are foreign.

In connection with last week's article about the bogus representation of Agriculture in the directorate of the Exhibition, it has been pointed out to me that Colonel John A. McGillivray can scarcely be described as a bogus representative, as he has between fifty and sixty thousand dollars invested in land and live stock in the neighborhood of Uxbridge, and is an officer of the Cattle Breeders' Association. If Colonel McGillivray stood alone as a Toronto man representing agriculture on the Exhibition Board, no criticism could well be aimed at him, for he has, perhaps, a more substantial stake in the country than in the city. But it cannot be in the interests of an Exhibition that we call National that twenty-three of the twenty-four directors should be residents of Toronto. If we are to have a National Exhibition the organization needs to be loosened up and broadened, and the management not left forever in the hands of men whose chief claim is that "they saw it first," and nursed it when it was little. The people of Toronto have no interest whatever in seeing all the seats in the directorate given to Toronto men, and in fact I have met nobody who does not regret the absence of outsiders from the Board. The success of the Fair must be injured, the volume of good-will towards it must be diminished, by this clustering of the directors all in one spot. The way to mend it is to have a regulation requiring that eight directors shall be non-residents of this municipality. Or the desired change could be effected, if the City Hall, after selecting eight aldermen to serve as directors, took no part in electing the other sixteen, or at most sent only these eight men to the annual meeting to take part in the voting. This question is of such importance to the welfare of the Exhibition that the Directors should themselves work out the remedy, but if they fail to do so Mayor Coatsworth should take it up in the interests of the city before it is begun from outside in a way that would do neither the Fair nor the city any good.

Two weeks ago the steamer *Cayuga* was launched in this city with the Union Jack flying upside down. Last Saturday the steamer *Macassa* made fame for herself by being the first vessel to make the port of Toronto this year, but she came in flying her Union Jack upside down. Most people suppose that there is no top nor bottom to the Jack, but there is, and a great deal of importance attaches to it in the minds of experts. A naval officer would be shocked to see the flag inverted, and a cautious sailor would take it as a bad omen. The stripes should be up, against the halyard and with the white stripe down.

In the month of January, 1901, the earnings of the Toronto Street Railway Company were \$122,132, while for the same month this year they amounted to \$239,552. In five years the earnings have almost doubled. The increase over the same month five years ago was \$117,420. There has been no particular increase in the track mileage of the company, no near-by communities brought bodily into the system enabling people to ride who formerly walked. The increased earnings are almost entirely due to the growth of population, which is greater than we can realize except when confronted by significant figures like these. The company has more than doubled its carrying facilities in the past five years, but these are still inadequate. The cars were crowded five years ago, and are crowded yet. As the company increases its carrying capacity its business grows—grows considerably faster than the growth in the population. In other words, thousands who now walk would use cars if they were less crowded and more inviting to people on the sidewalk.



THE STEAMER MACASSA.
Making a new record, entering Toronto harbor through the ice on Saturday, March 10.

Toronto is to have a new first-class theater. During the past few months many rumors have been in the air in this connection, so that much interest attaches to the announcement just made, which sets rumor aside and gives a definite assurance that a new playhouse will be built here, to be open next season, for the presentation of high-class legitimate drama. Local capitalists this week signed contracts for the construction of the new building. It will cost \$150,000 or more, and will be erected on King street somewhere between Yonge and Simcoe. Several sites are being considered, but it is said the one to be chosen will probably be the Baldwin site on the north side of King street, west of Bay. The plans for the building are being prepared by New York architects, and when completed it will be leased by the Schuberts of New York. The new house will be operated in opposition to the theatrical trust, and it is promised that Sarah Bernhardt and other celebrated artists who are not now appearing in Toronto will play here in the new theater next season.

Woman wants to conquer the world that sees her; man, the world he sees.—Truth.



DR. EUGENE HAANEL,
Superintendent of Mines, who addressed the Canadian Club last Monday on "Electric Smelting."

Skating is Over.

Called at a certain house the other evening and found a charming young girl of seventeen in a very melancholy state of mind. She is a young lady who honors me with her friendship and some degree of confidence, so I started to "jolly" her out of her dark mood.

"What's the matter? Hasn't Ralph been good to you lately?" I ventured. "Or have you and Maude fallen out again? Or perhaps you've given up candy during Lent, and it doesn't agree with you? Come, what is it?" "Why, what are you thinking about?" she returned. "Don't you know the skating is all over! And you never came once with me to the rink, either, after promising you would," she added as an afterthought.

I will admit being possessed of vanity to the limited degree possible in the masculine make-up, but I did not think for a moment that my vivacious young friend was grieving because I had not hunted up my skates and gone off to frolic with her at Old Orchard or some other rink. Not that I supposed she meant to flatter me. I merely attributed her pretty little personal remark to that delightful feminine desire to please, so artless and yet so effective, with which we are all more or less familiar, and which keeps us busy in youth buying bon-bons and later on buying seal-skin saques and other trifles. My in the end broke promises had nothing to do with my young friend's doleful countenance and melancholy mood. The skating season was over. No more would she and the little bevy of girls on the street sally off in glad expectation to the rink. There would be no more thrilling spins; no more exciting little rivalries; no more dicing of big sister after the last land. It was all over for another year, which, to the very young, is forever.

It struck me that night that I must be growing old, for I was reminded that I had not been on skates once this winter. I was also reminded that it was a long time since skating—and many other things—were to me what they are to my seventeen-year-old friend.

As I went home that night I was seized with the dread suspicion that my face must have become lined and seared by the hand of time while I was too busy, and too thoughtless, to notice it. I was sure I felt quite as young as I did when I played crack-the-whip on the old mill-pond at home, but the ugly fact remained that I had not had a pair of skates on all winter, and that I didn't seem to care whether I ever had them on again. Still some change must have come over me—some insidious, evil influence must have been at work, for never since I had been and sprawled like an exceedingly diminutive Mr. Winkle in my first attempts to "strike out," had a winter ever passed before during which I had not done some skating, generally a good deal. Yet here was the winter gone and I had not once put on a pair of skates. Worse still, I had not thought of putting them on, and worst of all, I had not been sensible of the enormity of my offence; I had allowed myself to lapse into old-foginess without feeling either shame or regret. I became quite "worked up" over the matter, and when I reached my room I peered anxiously at my countenance in the glass. I had not given it such a hard look for a long time, but stare as I might I could not see that it was much changed since the days when skating was the chief end of my life from the time that the creeks were frozen in the early winter until they shook themselves free of ice in the spring in order to give the skaters a chance to come up. I looked so steadily and seriously at the face in the glass—the most familiar and yet the strangest face I have ever seen—that presently I grinned at me. "Fay it!" I laughed. "Here I am worrying for fear that I may be growing old-looking, and just the other day I thought so one had committed an indecent libel by saying that he judged by my appearance that I was only twenty-three or twenty-four!"

Then I fell to thinking about the days—not so long ago—when I enjoyed skating as my seventeen-year-old girl friend does; and about the days, not so long ago either, but seemingly days which were passed in a previous existence, before I stumbled into this world of bloke men and women—days when skating meant more to me than it ever did to any seventeen-year-old girl, you may be sure. Ah, those good old times when we played "shinny" on the mill-pond. As soon as it had a covering of a quarter of an inch of ice we were on it every minute out of school hours. How we disclaimed the advice of our parents, who expected us to wait until the ice was a foot thick before we ventured on it! Alas, true, how we broke through and had to sneak home the back way lest haply we might meet with a worse fate than a ducking.

When I think of those halcyon boyhood days in the good old little home town, I feel an immense pity for the boys who are born and reared in cities. They know nothing of the real joys of boyhood. I wish what a little chap has missed who has never known the joys of country life—that Eugene Field sing of—how they hunt for mushrooms in the pastures, nor went berry-picking nor revelled in the "swimming hole"; who never crawled on the trail of a ground hog, nor imperilled his life climbing to a crow's nest, nor cut shinies in the woods and then played that game of games, fifty a side, on the pond. But skating, even in the country, is not what it used to be. Time was when young people in rural communities put on old clothes, a muffler, fur cap and woollen mitts, left off overcoats, and went out on the ice to have a thoroughly good time. Now, even in the small towns and villages, there are covered rinks, and the young folk go in their best clothes and skate to the strains of the

latest popular airs played by the local band. The boys are neatly collared and cuffed and gloved, and smoke cigarettes, just about as they do at the rinks in Toronto, and the girls also attend in their best bib and tucker and enjoy themselves in much the same way that my seventeen-year-old girl friend and her chums do. Times have changed. I remember when formalism first began to creep into my enjoyment of skating. We were just beginning to skate on a covered rink at home, and I was just beginning to be aware of the charms of a certain girl named Jennie—there were Jennies in those days—with pink and white cheeks and a sweetly demure manner. I commenced to wear my best clothes to the rink and to adopt a more dignified skating attitude. Of course I had a hated rival who shared Jennie's smiles with me. I knew that whenever his advances met with favor from her it was because my rival wore a genuine sealskin cap—a beautiful one with a peak and earflaps that tied up on top. I was sure of it. So I put forward my best efforts toward outshining him in the matter of raiment as well as in general attractiveness. Without knowing it I had become somebody else. The care-free boy who played shinny on the pond had given place to the self-conscious youth who was having his first troublous experiences with the fair sex, and who deemed it a tragedy when the skating season was over; but the change had come so gradually that he did not notice that he was growing older. He would have said that he would consider himself old when he stopped skating altogether, but now that that time has also come he still foolishly thinks that he is as young as ever. Perhaps boys who have ever played "shinny" on a mill-pond never grow old.

HAL.

Forty of the first names of Germany and forty of the first in England were signed to letters in strong condemnation of the attempts of journalists and jingoes to set the two nations by the ears. In the German list are Koch and Von Bergmann and Ernest Haeckel for science; Harnack and Fischer and Sombart and Wundt for the universities; Joachim and Humperdinck and Richard Strauss for music; Gerhard Hauptmann and Wilhelm Bode and Von Uhde for letters and art. The English response was equally heartfelt. The chiefs of English science sprang to clasp the outstretched hands of their German colleagues—Lord Kelvin (the master of them all), Lord Rayleigh, the two Darwins, Alfred Russell Wallace, Michael Foster, Norman Lockyer, Lord Avebury—a veritable galaxy. With them signed Thomas Hardy and Henry Arthur Jones and William Rossetti; Dr. Furnival and Frederick Pollock, Charles Waldstein and Walter Crane, with honorable women not a few. Their testimony was that a war between England and Germany would be a world-calamity for which no victory could compensate either nation.

The most popular portrait on the British market at present is that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. He is not a rich asset to the caricaturist, for he does not wear eccentric collars, an eyeglass, a flower—albeit, he is an authority on the carnation—nor distinguish himself at golf. On the whole, however, the caricaturists manage extremely well. Altogether "C.B." is by this time about as well known to the man in the street as was Mr. Gladstone. In this he is more fortunate than one of his predecessors. A stranger took a vacant place at a dinner in a certain club of the period, and after he had gone, the other guests, charmed with his manner and conversation, asked his name. "The waiter replied, 'That's the Prime Minister of England, Mr. Canning,' and forthwith quitted his employment, declining longer to serve so ignorant a company."

James J. Hill is one of the greatest of living builders. Stretching a railroad across the continent was only one end of the task he blocked out for himself. His railroad was worthless without a population. Therefore he became the leader of a migration which has been carried on so quietly that it is impressive only when the statistics are bulked in this fashion. These hundred thousand men, women and children led up toward the northern frontier were not sought in the steerages of Atlantic steamers. This was not a foreign movement such as in a previous generation had settled large areas of Minnesota and Wisconsin. The missionaries who preached the gospel of "Jim" Hill went into the Virginias, Iowa, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Nebraska.—*Outing*.

Old Loves.

WE drink a gallant toast
To those whose love we boast,
Just for a minute.
We praise each winsome wile;
We value each false smile,
Because we win it.

WE do not sing the praise
Of loves of other days
In words impassioned.
They'll serve to make a jest,
But calling them the best
Would be old-fashioned.

YET, though we tell it not,
Our hearts have still a spot
Where old loves lover.
In this sequestered place,
There dwell, for each fair face,
Fond memories of her.

AND many a time, when we
From social circles free,
Thought com: carressing
Of loves that once we knew,
Who came, sighed, smiled, withdrew,
But left a blessing.

H. W. J.

Wm. Pitt & Co.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Exclusive Designs and Fabrics for Spring.
Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-made Suits.
Handsome materials for Afternoon, Evening and Dinner Gowns.

MILLINERY. Hats for Early Spring wear.

GLOVES. Gloves in all the newest shadings and colorings. Ladies' and Gents' Walking Gloves.

CORSETS. The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon C. B. Corsets.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE
Tel. Main 888. 11 and 13 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

The Poetry

of color is as elusive as the poetry of Sound. There are poems in our new wallpapers for those who have the gift of seeing. For those who have not we promise protection and guidance in selection.

Elliott & Son, LIMITED

79 King St. W.

GOWANS KENT & CO.

CUT GLASS

The finest cut glass made in the world

Made in Canada

We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers' profit and the duty.

14-16 FRONT ST. E.



GOOD

Diamond Rings

Quality and Value are the outstanding features in our Diamonds. We have been told that they are first for quality in Canada. By quality we mean purity, shape, proportion, brilliancy, and accurate cutting. To know what they are you must inspect and compare. Let us show you our Diamonds.

Wanless & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1840
168 Yonge Street, TORONTO

Fragrant Easter Flowers

ROSES, VIOLETS, CARNATIONS, and all the favorite Spring varieties.

Exquisite blooming plants, with dainty trimmings—all charming messengers to convey your Easter greetings.

Dunlop's

Flowers are always fresh and reliable. Have them sent to you at any distance. Price-list for the asking.

5 King St. West

96 Yonge Street

Housekeepers' Helps

—SEE OUR STOCK OF—

CARPET SWEEPERS

CLOTHES WRINGERS

WASHING MACHINES

MANGLES

KNIFE CLEANERS

WATER FILTERS, Etc.

Rice Lewis & Son Limited

Cor. King and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

'OPENING' EVERY DAY

The choicest productions in
Millinery
Mantles, Cloaks, Suits.

The latest weaves in
Suitings and Gownings

The finest and purest of
Household Napery

ESTABLISHED 1864

JOHN CATTO & SON
King Street—Opposite the Post Office
Toronto

Designs and Fabrics for Spring

We would appreciate the favor of your inspection of our showing in Tailored Skirts. It is a pleasure to show you through our range whether you intend buying or not.

Ladies' own material made up if desired.

The Skirt Specialty Co.
102 KING STREET WEST,
J. G. Mitchener, Mgr.
Phone Main 3449.

Children's Portraits

REQUIRE SPECIAL CARE, PATIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE. YOU ARE INVITED TO CALL AND SEE THE SPECIMENS ON VIEW AT MY STUDIO.

PERCIVAL DEAN,
Portraits by Photography
STUDIO 259 COLLEGE ST.
TELEPHONE—MAIN 5753

why

pay for heavy operating expenses when you can save money at the
DIAMOND PARLORS
JAS. D. BAILEY
75 YONGE

LADIES

may save trouble and annoyance at home by sending the family washing to us.

Special Rates for this work are made by

THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY
45 Elm Street
Phone 1580.

PIANO TUNING

Piano Tuning is a gift. It is nature that produces the musical ear necessary to make a good tuner. We only employ men with this nature's gift and then drill into them a technical knowledge of the piano. They know how to restore a faulty action or adjust something wrong not seen by the ordinary tuner. That we tune over 600 Pianos a month in Toronto speaks for the quality of our work. The best is always the cheapest. Phone Main 749 or 1124 connecting with all departments.

THE NORDHEIMER
Piano and Music Co., Limited
15 King St. East
(BRANCHES IN ALL LEADING CITIES)
Established 1840



Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne of Woodburn have gone to England, where Mr. Osborne has professional affairs which will occupy him for some time. Mrs. Osborne and Mrs. McCullough were to have gone later to the Old Land, but the accident to Mr. McCullough's knee, resulting in his being quite laid up, has changed his wife's plans. It is quite doubtful when she will be able to get away, and as it is her first contemplated visit abroad, the contretemps is particularly unfortunate.

Mrs. and Miss Joan Arnoldi with Miss Millicent Jones are among those taking the popular Mediterranean trip this month. They left this week for the Continent.

Miss Molly Whitney, who has been visiting in the Premier's family, is now the guest of her friends, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, in St. George street.

A most suitable and interesting play is on at the Princess this week, the first act of which transports one to the old time Orient, the home of Jesse at Bethlehem, and is, like most of the others, a marvel of stagecraft. The costumes are most perfect, and everyone was surprised at the interest and effect secured. The last act of the play is Mr. Lorimer's undoing. It is incorrect historically, and a sort of anti-climax, where one's nerves are quite unnecessarily harrowed by the death of Saul, and out of tune for the high priest's proclamation of fasting and rejoicing, as he crowns the Shepherd King. Mr. Lorimer was enthusiastically called before the curtain on Tuesday night and made a capital and earnest little speech of thanks to his audience.

The Kneisel Quartette gave an evening of chamber music on Tuesday in Association Hall, which was enjoyed by the usual critical audience which this yearly *bonne bouche* offered to them by the Woman's Musical Club always attracts.

L'Alliance Française has now a sister society in the shape of the Deutscher Verein, which was formed this week by a number of Germans now residing in Toronto. The club's first dinner took place at the King Edward on Tuesday evening, and a membership of over four hundred is reported by the first meeting of the society. Professor van der Smitten is chairman of the executive committee. All members must be able to speak and write German, but need not be Germans. Semi-weekly meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings will be held at the King Edward, until the formative work is completed and suitable club quarters secured.

The Comtesse de Ruffieu and her son, Viscount René de Ruffieu, have left for France; their contemplated departure last Saturday was delayed by business matters, and they did not leave Toronto as intended. The Comte and Comtesse Rochereau de la Sablière sail for Canada on the last of this month.

An English paper says that Lord and Lady Minto and their daughters will make a tour in India, reaching Simla the third week in April, and visiting Lucknow, Agra, Delhi and Peshawar en route. Private letters tell of the popularity of the Viceroy and his family in the Indian Empire, and best wishes go with them from hosts of Canadian friends. Lord Minto is often seen at the Calcutta race course, taking the keenest interest in horse-flesh, as usual.

Mrs. and Miss Eisdell, charming mother and daughter, who have been at Iwerholme during the season, are leaving for England this week. They have much enjoyed their stay in Toronto, though, like other English visitors, they are still to see a "real Canadian winter," this one having been a *husco* so far as that quality goes. Miss Eisdell has been a belle *facile princeps*, in many instances, since her debut at the first Government House dance this season.

A family residence of many traditions is Ivor House, the Boulbee home in St. Alban street, which changed hands recently. Mr. John Dick is the new owner of this pleasant house, and after sundry changes and renovations will, with his family, occupy it next autumn.

Mrs. Gooderham is with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Beatty, at her home in lower St. George street.

Mr. Arthur Foster is over on a visit from Cranbrook, B.C., to his father, Mr. C. Colley Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor of Ottawa, who have been in town for some months, returned to Ottawa before the opening. Mrs. Bertie Cassels waited at the Capital for the Drawing-room, at which, I hear, she was greatly admired. The usual "doings" have been on all week, and visitors are being finely entertained at teas, luncheons, dinners and suppers, *ad lib*. Miss Hilda Reid is visiting Mrs. Toller.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Temple will not return to South Africa, but are, instead, going to Mexico to reside, and are leaving immediately for the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Small returned in due time from their visit to Washington for "the" wedding. They enjoyed a most delightful sojourn with the family and friends of Mrs. Small.

On Tuesday Mrs. Morang's callers had the pleasure of meeting her Southern visitor, Miss Calvo, who is on from Washington for a visit to Toronto. Miss Calvo is a bright, pretty girl, who seems charmingly at her ease as assistant hostess.

Several pleasant gatherings of young folks have marked the short visit of Miss Walker to Mrs. Gwyn Francis of Crescent road. On Monday Mrs. Victor Cawthra had a tea for Miss Walker and on another afternoon a pleasant tea was given by her hostess.

Among the emphatic "Don'ts" which may be included in a certain club man's repertoire is "Don't be too sure a train will start on scheduled time." A recent morning call was abruptly ended by the return of a cross husband, who found his train five hours late, and came home to await its arrival in no angelic temper. They do say that the amiability of "hubby" was not improved to find how speedily wifely provided herself with diversion during his absence, and that the club man made an undignified exit, not quite on his own initiative.

Professor Percy Nobbs of McGill University, Montreal, gave the Saturday afternoon lecture at Trinity, and his remarks upon and illustrations of the Architecture of Rome Ancient and Modern, were alike interesting. After the lecture the Provost entertained, assisted by

Mrs. Denison of Rusholme and Mrs. Charles Fleming, his sisters. His study was crowded and many found Mr. Nobbs as entertaining in social chat as he was interesting on the platform. Among the audience were all the usual attendants at the Lenten lectures, and Professor Clark brought his bride, but they did not remain for the tea. Professor Young also entertained after the lecture, I believe, and several of the Trinity men had a few friends up to view their "dens." To-day's lecture will be by Professor Wrong, on Rienzi, the Roman Tribune. Last Saturday's lecturer puzzled not a few to decide his nationality, and a straight question disclosed the fact that he was Russian born, of British parents. Mr. Nobbs has travelled a good deal, and appreciates all the experiences and pleasure one gains in that way. The chapel service was attended by three or four of those who came out for the lecture, and enjoyed also by the lecturer. To-morrow morning in the chapel a very interesting sermon will be preached by a visitor in Toronto.

An English arrival was airing his plans before a group of men down town one day lately. "What did you come out for?" asked one of them. "To marry a rich girl," said the newcomer. "It's the only thing I feel any vocation for, by Jove!"

Mr. Stanley Thompson, 104 St. Vincent street, has gone out with one of the Mackenzie-Mann survey parties.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty and Mrs. Bertie Cawthra returned from the South last week.

Mrs. Charles Selwyn and her children sail for home from India on Tuesday. Mrs. Lee will meet her daughter in Europe and return with her to Toronto.

Miss Tuck of Philadelphia has been for some weeks visiting Miss Aileen Gooderham in Rosedale.



Mrs. Charles Selwyn and her two children will visit Mrs. W. S. Lee this summer. The picture above is of the elder child and her ayah.

Mr. J. K. Macdonald and Miss Helen Macdonald are in Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Prant Macdonald and Mrs. Charlie Nelles went over to the dog show in Buffalo on Monday.

Mrs. Geary has returned from bidding good-bye to her daughter, Mrs. Conlon (Claire Geary) who sailed for the Philippines with her husband, an officer of the United States army, last week. Mrs. Conlon will find her lovely friend, Miss Robertson, with her father in the Islands. Lieutenant-Colonel Robertson's daughter was in town last year, visiting Mrs. Geary, and her beauty made a sensation here. Soon after, she accompanied her father to the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McLeod are in Jamaica this week, and will be shortly back in Toronto.

Mrs. George Marks has her sister, Miss Rowan, a very handsome girl, with her at her home, 35 North Sherbourne street, where many friends find their way to call on Mondays. Mr. and Mrs. Marks were fortunate in securing so pretty a house for their sojourn in Toronto.

Mrs. Patterson of Embro left on last Friday night for Ottawa to attend the Drawing-room and be the guest of Mrs. Clifford Sifton, during her stay.

Miss Ida Homer-Dixon is on her way from India to Paris, on trousseau affairs bent. Her marriage to Major Berger will take place on June 6, in St. George's church, and her aunt, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, will give the breakfast at the historic Grange. Friends of the family will remember the wedding of the sister of the bride-elect some years ago, and how charming were all the arrangements, when Miss Homer-Dixon became Mrs. Arthur T. Kirkpatrick, and daughter-in-law of Sir George Kirkpatrick, then Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Miss Arnoldi, Miss Muriel Whitney and Miss Katie Homer-Dixon are mentioned as the bride's attendants, and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick will be in town also, I believe, for the wedding. Mr. Kirkpatrick is still an invalid at Vernon, B.C.

I hear that Captain John Kaye has been ordered from Halifax to Kingston. Mrs. Kaye has been with her mother, Mrs. Buchan, in Montreal.

For two years an annual dance has been given by the combined Signal Corps and Maxim Gun Squad, and these dances have gone with a vim and popularity most flattering to the young men and their lady patronesses. On April 17 the Signal Corps are giving a third annual dance in McConkey's and on April 24 the Maxim Gun Squad, who are "getting big boys now," are giving also a third annual dance, which will be held in McConkey's rooms. The patronesses of the Maxim Gun dance are Lady Pellatt, Mrs. W. D. Otter, Mrs. John Bruce, Mrs. J. A. Murray, Mrs. P. L. Mason, Mrs. G. M. Higginbotham, and the stewards are Lieutenant G. F. Morrison, Lieutenant R. Kleiser, Lieutenant S. B. Brush, Mr. Stuart Macfarlane, Mr. Ted Stanway, Mr. Alfred Haywood. The secretary is Lieutenant R. Pellatt and the treasurer Mr. Gerard Muntz.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kennedy of Hamilton announce the engagement of their daughter, Queenie, to Mr. Willis E. Sprague. The wedding has been arranged for May 24th.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

Bottled only at the Apollinaris Spring,
Neuenahr, Germany,
and Only with its Own Natural Gas.

FIT FOR A PRINCE

Codou's French Macaroni
Codou's French Vermicelli

The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it
All best Dealers sell it

Nothing Approaches in Purity and Fine Quality

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa

(Maple Leaf Label)

COWAN'S MILK CHOCOLATE, CROQUETTES,
WAFERS, CAKES, MEDALLIONS, Etc.

The Cowan Co., Limited, Toronto

JAHN & SON

HAIRDRESSING
MARCEL WAVING
MANICURING
HAIRDYEING
ELECTRICAL FACE
MASSAGE

JAHN & SON
73 1/2 KING STREET WEST

JULES & CHARLES

Without a doubt the leading
Hair Goods Manufacturers
in Canada.

Switches
Natural Wavy from \$3.00
Straight, from \$2.00.
Only manufactured of the best imported European Hair.
Transformations, Pompadours, Bangs, Frizzes, Zaza Curls.
Gents' Toupees from \$15.00.
Gents' Wigs from \$20.00.
Gray Hair Restorer
Jules & Charles, successors J. T. Armand, Improved, best on this continent. 10 different shades. 1 box, \$2.50; 2 boxes, \$4.00, sent by mail.
Capill'erie
Superfluous Hair Remover, from arms, hands, face, etc. Instantaneous, permanent, \$1.00.

431 Yonge St., Toronto, Phone VI. 2428.

Liola Cream

heals roughness and redness of the skin, prevents tan and sunburn and will not cause or promote hair growth. Particularly recommended for ladies before using powder.

Hudnut's Preparations.
Huyler's Candies
W. H. LEE
King Edward Drug Store.

OSTEOPATHY

OSTEOPATHY

Jessie M. Connors

Osteopathy

Graduate of American School of Osteopathy, under Dr. A. T. Still, Founder of the Science

Treating all Diseases of Women and Children

WITH TORONTO INSTITUTE OF OSTEOPATHY

567 SHERBOURNE STREET

ESTABLISHED 1897

NO VIBRATORS

NO HYPNOTISM

Pember's Toupees

No other toupee so nicely overcomes the disadvantages of partial baldness. The natural scalp parting gives the most complete appearance of the wearer's own original hair.

Satisfaction fully guaranteed.
Write for Catalogue.

PEMBER'S
Hair Emporium
127-129 Yonge St., Toronto

Prof. Blanchard

SURGEON CHIROPODIST

DAILY ATTENDANCE AT

PEMBER'S, 129 Yonge Street

Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives

SUPPORTED BY

DOLLARS

Contributed by the Public on account of

LOVE AND HUMANITY

SENT TO

H. C. Hammond, Treasurer

21 Jordan St., Toronto

CARNAHAN'S

Pharmacy

Carlton & Church, Toronto.

Prescriptions, Perfumes and Sundries.

Telephone Main 2196

Also East Toronto Tel. Beach 17

By appointment Purveyors to His Excellency the Governor-General

The Harry Webb Co., Limited

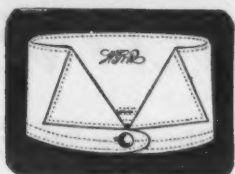
CATERERS

For ...

Weddings Banquets Receptions

and other entertainments in town or country. Catalogue Free.

447 Yonge St., Toronto.



TUXEDO and ASCOT

Look over your old collars and see what an important point the buttonhole is. Most collars break there first. We put extra strength in our buttonholes. We get the buttonholes in exactly the right place then strongly, double stitch them.

LINEN COLLARS
20 cents each. 3 for 50 cents.
All styles, all sizes.
Makers, Berlin, Canada.

Prescriptions
Andrew Jeffrey,
Yonge and Carlton Streets.

Giles' Limited
Caterers and Manufacturing Confectioners
719 Yonge Street
Phones—N. 2004.
N. 2005.

Wall Paper
NEW DESIGNS
BEAUTIFUL COLORING
Any scheme for interior decoration or the beautifying of any room in the house would be incomplete without new
WALLPAPER
and the right style and correct colors to combine with any kind of woodwork or color scheme for interior decoration can certainly be found in the large assortment of Foreign designs we are showing. Colored sketches and estimates submitted for decorating in all its branches. Hardwood floors laid and finished.
The W. J. Bolus Co. Limited
245 Yonge St., Toronto

Charles Potter
Optician
85 Yonge St.
TORONTO
C. B. PETRY,
Proprietor

KENNEDY Shorthand School
During the week many visitors have enjoyed the wonderful exhibitions of skill by the champion lady typist of the world, Miss Rose Fritz, who was sent from New York to our school for special instruction in preparation for the world's champion contest.
9 Adelaide Street East
Toronto

PHONE MAIN 2080.
Ferrier's Drug Store
233 College Street, Toronto.
PRESCRIPTIONS
Creme Eloaya, Price 60c.

1906
Lingerie Waists
MISS FRANKLIN
11 1-2 Richmond St. W.
Phone Main 175. Toronto.

YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING.



L.
CAPTAIN ARTHUR S. EVANS
(Graduate R.M.C. 1896). Royal Engineers, India

Social and Personal.

The engagement of Mr. Harris Hees, son of Mr. George Hees, 174 St. George street, and Miss Mabel Goode of Central Park West, New York, is announced. Mr. Hees met his fiancée a couple of seasons ago, while both were returning from the Georgian Bay with parties of mutual friends. Their marriage will take place shortly after Easter.

The engagement of Mr. Dudley Dawson, son of the late Colonel Dawson, and Miss Brough, daughter of the late Richard Brough, is announced. The young people are living in Winnipeg, where both are exceedingly popular.

A very smart dinner was given at the King Edward on Wednesday evening by Mr. Stephen Haas, Commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, in honor of Mr. Cayley, who is commodore of an English Yacht Club. Ex-commodores and vice and rear-commodores surrounded a handsome table in a private dining-room, and a joyous time was had. Stories and toasts, nautical and sporty, with the nicest of fare and the choicest of wines, the best of company and the prince of hosts, made the occasion a notably pleasant one.

Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee, who have been domiciled at the King Edward since they came to Toronto, have taken a maison garnie in King street west, No. 1449, to which they will remove immediately.

Mr. and Mrs. James Grace and their little daughter are now living at the Queen's Hotel.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark received at Government House on Thursday. She very much enjoyed her little visit to Ottawa, and the opening of Parliament, and also went out to Rideau Hall in the evening, for the reception after the State dinner, the Misses Mortimer Clark accompanying their mother to both functions. His Honor sat next the Governor-General at the dinner, and I hear that the Misses Mortimer Clark are to make a little visit to Rideau Hall later on. Mrs. Mortimer Clark and her daughters were most beautifully gowned at the opening and reception; in fact, all the Toronto fair ones seem to have had "un success fou" in the matter of raiment.

Mrs. Somerville of Atherley and her sons left on Wednesday for New York, en route to Europe.

The engagement is announced of Miss Minnie M. V. Smith, daughter of Rev. Nathaniel and Mrs. Smith, and W. Edgar Robertson, M.D., M.R.C.S. (London, England), son of Dr. David Robertson, Milton, Ontario. The marriage will take place in May. Dr. Robertson has been appointed to take charge of a Presbyterian Hospital in Heng-Chow, Honan, China.

Miss Lena Hayes will give a violin recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Saturday evening, March 31st. Miss Hayes will have the assistance of Mr. Douglas Bertram, pianist; Mr. Frederic Nicolai, cellist, and Miss Jessie Perry, accompanist.

The show at Shea's is particularly good this week, every number having merit and the house being packed each night. The young Hercules, who is bombarded with cannon-balls and performs wondrous feats of strength, is the "strong card," but the bill is an all-round good one, and lots of "people one knows" have enjoyed it.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason of Erneleigh are at St. Catharines, guests at the Welland. Mr. Herbert Mason's long illness has kept his wife a devoted nurse for many months, so that since her return from abroad her friends have seen much less of her than they could wish.

Mr. Edward Harris, who was struck by a motor-car and had an arm broken and hand smashed some weeks ago, has made a most satisfactory recovery, and has been out of the hospital for some time. His friends congratulate him upon the perfect condition of health which so materially aided in his recovery from a most serious accident.

Mrs. Stewart Houston gave a luncheon for Madame Albani on Wednesday.

Mr. Arthur Evans, after six years foreign service, is now on his way to spend his "leave" with his wife and Toronto relatives. I believe he will reach Montreal in a day or two. He comes from a station with an impossible name in India.

Miss Hill and her party of "European tourists" sail to-day from Boston for Naples.

The Skating Club closed a very spasmodic and exasperating season on Thursday afternoon, when the last meeting of the season took place, at the Mutual Street Rink. The long continued mild weather interfered greatly with the dates of the skating meetings, but what have been held have been much enjoyed.

The warmest sympathy is expressed everywhere for the husband and children of Mrs. Montgomery, in their bereavement. Mrs. Montgomery's death was sudden, and, being endeared to all who knew her by many sweet and sterling qualities, her loss is proportionately regretted. Her daughter, Mrs. S. Murray Jarvis, and her sons were all in Toronto for the last sad rites.

Mrs. W. A. Young gave a large tea last week at her residence in College street, at which she was a dainty hostess, in a cream lace gown, and was assisted by her

mother, Mrs. Rose. The floral decorations were Easter lilies, hyacinths and lily of the valley. There was music and a very nicely served tea in the dining-room.

Miss Lily Galt, who has been taking a course of nursing in Johns Hopkins Hospital, came home this week on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt.

Dr. Norman Macleod of Crescent road leaves very soon for London, England, where he will take a course of hospital work in King's College Hospital, where his eldest brother, Dr. James Macleod, studied and worked for several years.

Mr. Austin Boddy has returned to his regiment, which is stationed in West Africa. Mrs. Boddy and her daughter, Mrs. Lapham, saw him off at New York last week. Mrs. Boddy has returned home to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Coulson entertained at dinner last evening.

Mrs. McCarthy and Miss Macdonald returned to town from St. Catharines, and the former was the guest of Mrs. Charles Fleming; the latter was with Mrs. Anglin this week.

Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall and Miss Perkins have gone to Mount Clemens, Michigan.

Miss Frances Heron of Madison avenue is going to Ottawa shortly to visit Mrs. Louis Jones. The fair Torontonian is a native of the Capital, and has hosts of friends there who will leave her no dull moments.

Miss Kathleen Hart of Kingston is visiting Mrs. Osler of Craighigh. Miss Benson is the guest of Mrs. Sutherland Macklem.

Mr. Vernon Gzowski has gone to British Columbia. Mr. Charles Wisner is going to reside in England.

Mrs. Hanna and Mrs. Adam Beck held a reception on Thursday afternoon in the Speaker's Chambers, Parliament Buildings, from four to six-thirty.

Mrs. George Massey has returned to New York. Mr. and the Misses Nicholls of The Homewood have gone to New York. Mrs. Homer Dixon and her young daughter, Homeria, were in town for a short visit this week. The place at Lundy's Lane, which Mrs. Homer Dixon has enjoyed so much, has been called after the former residence in Toronto, "The Homewood," and Mr. Harry Caston is living there with his sister, Mrs. Homer Dixon. High-grade Jersey cows, and such delights of fancy farm life, are in perfection at the new Homewood.

A family reunion was held in the suite of Mr. Claude Cayley at the King Edward on Wednesday, when numbers of relatives and a few outside friends took tea with Mr. Cayley and his daughter. The former has gone to Ottawa, and both will return to England at the close of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick are spending some weeks in Pinehurst, N.C.

The visit of the eldest son of the Duke of Connaught will add to the list of the relatives of King Edward who have, during the last five years, visited Toronto. Prince Arthur will stop at Government House, and will be here for several days, opening the Horse Show. The last visitor of the Royal Family was Prince Alexander of Battenburg.

Mrs. Eakins, 12 Madison avenue, gave a charming tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Dignam entertained at tea yesterday in honor of Mrs. FitzRandolph and other visitors in town.

The separation (as entertainers) of the Maxim Gun and Signal Corps men, and the two dances to be given instead of one, have resulted in a mix-up in the announcements going through the papers. The Signal Corps give their dance at McConkey's on April 17th, and the Maxim Gun Squad give theirs on April 24th, at the same place. The separation has not impaired the entente cordiale existing between these fine young fellows, and some of either corps will be guests at their comrades' dances. The patronesses of the first dance are Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark, Lady Pellatt, Lady Mulock, Mrs. L. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. C. D. Warren, Mrs. J. A. Murray, and Mrs. P. L. Mason.

A bursary has been donated to St. Andrew's College by Professor Goldwin Smith, valued at \$300, for four years, for the encouragement of students desiring to enter Toronto University from the College.

Last evening, at eight o'clock, the March meeting of the Dickens Fellowship was held in Room 3, St. George's Hall, when Rev. Mr. Hincks gave his address on "The Religious Sentiments of Dickens." I regret that the notice of this meeting, having been sent to a wrong address, did not reach me in time for insertion last week.

Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. James are going to Atlantic City next Monday. Miss Elsie Thorold was expected for a short visit in town at the week's end. Mrs. Edmunds and Miss Phillips are going to England shortly on a visit. Mr. and Mrs. George Evans have returned from Ireland.

The Boys' Home annual meeting will be held this (Saturday) afternoon at four o'clock, and the Premier of Ontario will preside.

Mr. Howard Ferguson, M.P.P., and Mrs. Ferguson are at the Arlington during the session.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald gave two luncheons last week, on Thursday and Friday. Mrs. Coulson also gave a luncheon one day last week. Mrs. W. D. Matthews gave a girls' luncheon last Tuesday.

Mr. R. J. Christie is down with an attack of typhoid fever.

A reception to the members of the faculty of the Toronto Conservatory of Music will be held this afternoon in Dr. Fisher's studio from 4.30 to 6.30.

SURPRISED AT US.

Public Feeling in the United States over Canada is Changing.

People of the United States are beginning to wake up so far as Canada is concerned. There was a time not so very far distant when the pupils in the schools of New York were taught that Canada was a Boreas waste, covered with trees and inhabited largely by Indians. Even yet there is a great deal of ignorance concerning the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country, but the exodus of farmers to Canada from the Western States is having its effect in directing American attention towards this country, and no doubt the flow of capital will be of great benefit to both nations. Usually it is with an expression of surprise that an American hears of any achievement in Canada. For instance, Mr. Arthur Dunham, the celebrated organist of Sinai Temple, Chicago, and a concert organist of the highest reputation, was surprised when he heard the beautiful tone of a Gourlay piano. He was in Winnipeg at the time, giving recitals at Zion Methodist Church, and a Gourlay had been provided for the occasion. Writing after the concert to the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, he said: "At my recent visit to Winnipeg I was greatly impressed with the Gourlay piano. Allow me to add my word of commendation for its beauty of tone, which is eminently of singing quality, besides being of fine brilliance and power. It truly was a great and agreeable surprise to me, and I sincerely congratulate you."



Pleated Skirts

We make skirts ready to wear, material to be supplied by customer.

Pleating and Fancy Stitches of all Kinds

Featherbone Novelty Co., LIMITED
266-274 King Street West
BRANCH OFFICE

108 YONGE STREET

Tel. (Main 3503)
Main 3504

Toronto

Room 16 Birks' Building, Montreal.

W. & E. THORNTON-SMITH & CO.
INTERIOR DECORATORS
11 KING ST. WEST
Wallpapers Furniture Electric Light Fixtures Well Fires Fabrics
All work executed by a permanent staff of skilled workmen. Designs Submitted.

Young Men and Maidens

are always interested in that kind of photography that suggests the strength and vigor of manhood and the dainty charm of womanhood.

Style and Elegance

must mark all successful portraiture of to-day and this is just what the Kennedy Studio stands for. Visitors are always welcome at the Studio.

J. KENNEDY, The New Studio
107 KING STREET WEST

PRINCESS THEATER **Monday, March 19** **MATINEES WEDNESDAY SATURDAY**
ONE WEEK BEGINNING

THE KIRKE LA SHELLE CO. WILL PRESENT

DUSTIN FARNUM
AND SKILFULLY SELECTED COMPANY, IN
THE VIRGINIAN

Dramatized from Owen Wister's Fascinating Story of the West. Original Company and Production.

Break up that Cold at Cook's

The quickest, easiest, most natural way to cure a cold—break it up for good and all—is a Turkish Bath at Cook's.

Cook's system not only sweats out the cold, but it fills the system with pure oxygen, and thus fortifies it against a second attack. Cook's Baths have the best ventilating system in the world—makes the bath doubly effective.

Cosy, quiet sleeping-rooms and a dainty bill-of-fare, served day or night. These are the most up-to-date and cosiest baths on the Continent.

Cook's Turkish Baths

202-204 King Street West, Toronto.

Ontario Society of Artists

34th Annual Exhibition of Paintings
Now Open.

Gallery 165 King street west.
Admission 25c.

Cost of Wigs and Gowns.

In England military and naval officers are not the only men who are compelled to spend a considerable amount of money on clothes. Barristers and judges are put to a great expense in this respect. For his wig alone a barrister has to pay from five to eight guineas, and the K.C. who becomes a judge has to pay very dearly for his new dignity. His wardrobe is almost as big as that of a quick-change artist, and six hundred guineas is by no means an extraordinary outlay on his robes and other emblems of office. If he is attached to the King's Bench Division, he must have not fewer than five gowns. A Lord Chancellor's robe costs about a hundred and fifty guineas. Even the stockings forming part of the official wardrobe cost 10s. 6d. a pair!

The Wrong Trip.

The ferry-dock was crowded with weary home-goers when through the crowd rushed a man—hot, excited, laden to the chin with bundles of every shape and size. He sprinted down the pier, his eyes fixed on a ferryboat only two or three feet out from the pier. He paused but an instant on the string-piece, and then, cheered on by the amused crowd, he made a flying leap across the intervening stretch of water and landed safely on the deck. A fat man happened to be standing on the exact spot on which he struck, and they both went down with a resounding crash. When the arriving man had somewhat recovered his breath he apologized to the fat man. "I hope I didn't hurt you," he said. "I am sorry. But, anyway, I caught the boat!"

"But, you blundered fool," said the fat man, "the boat was coming in!"—"Lippincott's Magazine."

SHEA'S THEATER
WEEK MAR. 19
Matinee Daily 25c. Evenings at 50c

The Famous English Comedienne,

KATIE BARRY

An International Favorite.
HENRY ATKINSON,
The Australian Orpheus.

EMMA FRANCIS
and her Arabian Whirlwinds.
CALLAHAN & MACK
Last Appearance in Vaudeville.
ALFRED ARNESSEN,
Equilibrist.

BURTON AND BROOKS,
Singing Comedians.
THE KINETOGRAPH.
All New Pictures.

Special Extra Attraction,
The Kauffman Troupe

The World's Greatest Trick
Bicyclists.

A most charming combination.

HENRI MARTEAU

The Great French Violinist

and

JEAN GERARDY

The King of the 'Cellists,

with

AUGUST GOELLNER, Pianist.
MASSEY HALL,
WED. MAR. 21

Prices—\$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c.
Seats now on sale.

TWILIGHT RECITAL

Metropolitan Church Grand Organ

By DR. J. PERSE SMITH

Saturday, March 17th, 4 p.m.

PRINCESS THEATER
Gilbert & Sullivan's
H.M.S. PINAFORE

MARCH 27 and 28

Matinee 2th.

MISS PORTER

Fine Stationery, Books,
Magazines, Fancy Goods,
Needle Work.

109 KING STREET WEST,
Phone Main 1158.

TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL

Montreal, March 15.

THE bare announcement made a few days ago that Major George W. Stephens, D. Lorne McGibbon and a half dozen other young men composed the new executive and board of directors of the Canadian Rubber Company, to the absolute exclusion of the old hands, is the concluding chapter in one of the most interesting deals that Montreal has had in some time. For over a half century, or since its establishment in 1854, the presidency and general direction of the company has been in the hands of the Allans. First Sir Hugh was president, upon his death the brother, the late Andrew Allan, took up the work, and upon the latter's death Sir Montagu Allan, son of Sir Hugh, became the chief executive officer. Like most of Canada's industrial concerns it had its ups and downs, and when D. Lorne McGibbon took hold as general manager a few years ago it was a common saying on the "Street" that Canada Rubber was in a bad way. With a paid-up capital of \$5,500,000 it was no small concern, but somehow or other it had gone on a back track. With the advent of McGibbon this all changed. He introduced new ideas. He spurred ahead. He talked system, and he brought it into practice. However, he was only a general manager and the men at the head of the concern were, for the most part, in business while he was still in short trousers. McGibbon worked on, said nothing, and one day a few months ago it was suddenly announced that George W. Stephens, Lorne McGibbon, A. E. Pringle, Shirley Ogilvie and one or two more, not one of them over forty, had secured control. The first hint that Sir Montagu Allan, the president, or J. B. Learmont, the vice-president, had that such a thing was contemplated, was when they saw it announced in the newspaper that the deal had been put through. For months a smooth broker, in the employ of the new syndicate had been gradually accumulating the stock from all quarters, and when the necessary fifty-one per cent had been obtained the deal was made public. To put it mildly the old board was astonished. However, the young fellows held all the trumps and when it came to the annual meeting the only thing the old ones could do was to back down as gracefully as possible. This they have done, and now they are out. The moneyed man in the deal was George W. Stephens, who has, since his father's death some three years ago, loomed large in financial matters. The elder George Washington Stephens left a fortune sufficiently large to make half a dozen ordinary men comfortable for life, and young G. W. has the larger part of it. The career of the Canadian Rubber Company under its new management will be watched with a great deal of interest.

The worst has happened. The foreign brokerage houses must pay the sum of \$2,100 for the privilege of doing business in Montreal. The irritating part of it is that the tax hits some old Montrealeers who have foreign connections and who do a legitimate and not a bucket-shop business. The tax was not meant for them, but the axe falls on the just and the unjust. The consequence of it will be that a few of the largest bucketshops will remain open, while some of the legitimate brokers who depend upon a New York connection for a living will close up. A number of large Montreal brokerage houses, such, for instance, as the Forgets, have private wires connecting them with Wall Street concerns. They are utilized primarily for the private business of the firms in whose offices they are, but according to the reading of the Act will be subject to the provincial tax.

There is a project on foot whereby the Keewatin Milling Company is to be absorbed into the Lake of the Woods Milling Company. This, if brought into effect, would place the latter corporation in the front rank of Canadian flour mill companies, pushing the Ogilvies back into second place. Robert Meighen, president of the Lake of the Woods Company, is unalterably opposed to big consolidations, however, and it will only be a force of circumstances or a stubborn board of directors which will force him into any deal of this character. Mr. Meighen has always been of the opinion that consolidations and amalgamations are unpopular with the public and in the long run beget opposition. Perhaps he is right.

It was a bad day when Canadians allowed the Granby Company to slip through their fingers. Here was about the only British Columbia mining proposition that ever had a ghost of a chance of being permanently profitable, and the Boston and New York crowd walked off with a controlling interest at about half of what it is worth at present. At the last annual meeting in Montreal, at which time the Americans assumed control, President S. H. C. Miner of Granby, who, by the way, named the property after his native town, and who had been the father of the company since its inception, all but wept when he announced that he sat on the board for the last time. He told how in the dark days he had bolstered up the fortunes of the company until he had his last penny at stake; doing so when he could get no Canadian to help him with a single dollar. "Treat it well, work it honestly and you have a great property," was his concluding remark to the new owners, and his predictions have all come true.

If a corporation cannot come to terms with the city of Montreal it always has one never-failing refuge,—the Quebec Legislature. Never was this better exemplified than in the case of the Light, Heat and Power Company. The Montreal aldermen have talked municipal gas plants until they grew black in the face, and finally a bill was drafted for presentation to the Legislature allowing the city to purchase the plant of the Power Company. The right to purchase was the city's. That could not be denied. But when it came to a price it was an-



SIR H. MONTAGU ALLAN.

other story. If there is anything the Forgets and others interested in the Power Company know how to work it is the Quebec Legislature. So when the bill came up the members of the House decided that the Montreal Gas Company could only be purchased as a "going" concern, which, in other words meant, that the Power Company could charge anything it deemed fit for its plant. Upon this rock the split came, and finally the House closed its session with the bill still on the table. It is almost unnecessary to state that a bull movement has begun in Power stock, and people are wondering why Montreal city seems unable to get what she wants from the Legislature. As a rule the municipality gets the worst of it before the legislative committees.

Pretty soon one will be obliged to offer a premium for an American quarter. Already the action of the banks in deporting United States silver has had an appreciable effect upon the amount in circulation in Montreal. As fast as it can be gathered the local banking agencies are packing up the coin and sending it on to New York. The Government pays the express charges and 3-8 of one per cent. to the banks for their trouble. The bankers state, however, that the amount allowed hardly covers the cost of packing up the foreign coin. So far the large banks have shipped out an average of \$2,000 each.

The monetary situation in Canada is still unclouded, with confidence the prevailing characteristic. The profits from business are being capitalized, and many new companies are being established to cope with the rapid development and increase in Canada's commerce. Within eight months our banks have received about \$67,000,000 to be invested, the source of supply being as follows: New capital stock and additions to reserve, \$7,535,000; expansion in note circulation, \$11,846,000; increase in demand deposits in Canada, \$25,145,000; and increase in time deposits, \$22,000,000. Of the total of nearly \$67,000,000, Canada got about \$40,000,000 and the United States over \$25,000,000. Since May last, "call loans" outside of Canada have increased from \$4,000,000 to \$68,000,000. This was due to the relatively higher rates in New York than in Canada. A reason for this stringency is that the actual cash reserve of the national banks of the United States is considerably less than 15 per cent. of their liabilities, and it should be remembered that the reserves of the national banks are also in no small measure the main reserve reliance of the other banking institutions of the country. What is of immediate importance is the fact that the actual cash reserve now held is less than at any corresponding time in seven years. Since 1900 there has been a steady decline in the percentage of cash reserve held in the national banks.

Weather conditions have greatly favored the railroads. February was a better month than January, and the earnings of roads for March indicate still better results. The large increase in earnings is probably the best bullish argument one can advance for the prices of the stocks of the different lines. For February the traffic return of C. P. R. shows an increase of \$4,183,000 in gross, and for the first week of March the increase is \$246,000. The Grand Trunk shows an increase of \$334,000 for the month of February, and an increase of \$68,000 for the first week of March.

Canada North-West Land Company common stock sold in Toronto this week at 405, the highest price on record. The shareholders of this company are to meet on March 28th, when the annual report will be submitted. It has transpired that receipts from land sales have been very large, and that the outstanding preferred stock will be retired. The amount of the original purchase by the English company was 2,200,000 acres; and of this, \$1,928,318 acres were taken over by the Canadian company in December, 1893. On the 31st of December last the unsold lands amounted to 599,437 acres. The average price of lands sold in 1894 was \$5 per acre, while in 1905 the average price was \$6.67. Against \$1,400,000 of outstanding common stock, the company will have \$1,800,000 in cash and about 600,000 acres as well as "other assets," an unknown quantity. The price of the lands is to be advanced and at, say, \$8 to \$8.50 per acre, the stock is worth fully the price it is selling for.

Stock Exchange dealings in Toronto for the week were below the average. Brokers report the commission business as disappointing. There is, of course, some trading, which is characterized as scalping, between members of the Board, and aside from a fairly good advance in Ontario Bank stock, the changes for the week are unimportant. The advances in bank shares this year have been pretty general. At current prices the yield of an investment in Bank of Montreal stock is only 3.87, and in Commerce 3.88 per cent. Molsons' yields 4.38 per cent., Ontario 4.16, Standard 4.25, Imperial 4.05, Dominion 4.31, Toronto 4.09, and Hamilton 4.37. The stock of Metropolitan Bank has recently been in better demand, and it is now selling above 200. Money on call is comparatively easy, there being some loans reported on gilt-edged securities at 5 per cent.

As foreshadowed in these columns, the Toronto Railway Company is about to issue another million of new stock, which will bring the total stock issue up to \$8,000,000. Shareholders have been notified that a special meeting will be held on April 16th to authorize this new issue proposed by the directors. The new stock will likely be issued at par, and for every seven shares of old stock held, stockholders will be entitled to one share of new. The market price of the present stock being 124, those shareholders taking up the new stock, will have their average reduced to 121, or the "rights" to subscribe to this new stock will equal three per cent. The increase in quarterly dividends from 11-4 to 11-2 per cent. made the stock look attractive to investors, and no doubt will induce many to take up and pay for the new stock. The gross earnings of Toronto Railway have increased immensely the past two years, and for the months of January and February, they were practically the same as those of the Montreal Street Railway, in spite of the fact that the population of the Eastern city is much greater than that of Toronto. From various causes the

people of Toronto are becoming much greater users of the street cars than formerly.

An Old Favorite.

A good advance is noted in Sloss-Sheffield, which at one time was quite a favorite with the speculative fraternity here. The advance is due to the publication of the best report of the company ever issued, and the declaration of the usual semi-annual dividend of 2 1-2 per cent. on the common stock. The total receipts of Sloss-Sheffield for the fiscal year ending November 30th, 1905, increased \$700,793. Surplus, after payment of dividends, equals 7.36 per cent. on the common stock outstanding. The outlook for the current year is also most satisfactory. Twin City Rapid Transit is also doing well, and, as a 5 per cent. dividend-payer selling under 120, looks like a fair proposition. Some people talk of an increased dividend in May. The usual quarterly dividend of 1 3-4 per cent. was declared this week on the preferred stock, and it is payable on April 2nd.

The Strike.

Will there be a coal strike? This is a topic which is discussed daily in business circles. The Ontario consumer depends upon the United States mine operators for his supply, and the subject at this time is one of the greatest importance to manufacturers. The householder may consider himself fortunate that the warm weather is near at hand, but we believe many citizens have become nervous over the situation, and are laying in supplies at \$7 a ton for next winter. There is a feeling that a strike in the bituminous region may be averted, and, while the anthracite situation looks serious, it is no sure thing that a lockout will take place.

Toronto grain dealers report the trade in a very dull and unsatisfactory state. On all sides complaints are numerous as to the absence of orders. Even Manitoba wheat, which has been fairly active for months, finds few buyers. Prices are the lowest of the season, with Ontario wheat quoted at 75c to 76c at outside points. The lower prices may lead to more business; at least it is hoped so. The heavy shipments of wheat to Britain from the Argentine are taking the market away from other countries. Argentine ports average over 3,000,000 bushels per week, while the United States and Canada combined are shipping less than 4,000,000 bushels per week. The visible supply of wheat in Canada is nearly 10,000,000 bushels more than a year ago, while in the United States supplies at present are 12,000,000 bushels more than twelve months ago. While it is early to pass upon crops, we may fairly say that the dangers of winter killing are passed.

The recent estimates of the British navy include a statement of the contributions from the colonies, as follows:

Australia	£200,000
India	103,000
Cape Colony	50,000
New Zealand	40,000
Natal	35,000
Newfoundland	3,000
Canada	Nothing

A British Columbia paper deplors the fact that there is a great scarcity of timber suitable for mining purposes. For fifty years the bulk of the timber used in English mines has been imported from Norway, Sweden and France. Twenty years ago, owing to its increasing scarcity and high price small steel girders were substituted with the most satisfactory results both as to efficiency and economy. Here is a great opening for the steel trade in Canada, and as "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good" it would not be a matter of surprise if this became one of the factors in determining the establishment of the steel and iron industry in the Kootenay, where every requisite abounds.

A Vancouver correspondent begs us to note the wonderful progress of that city. He says: "The future is now assured. Business centres are defined and values more certain. Look back ten years and note the leaps and bounds that have been made in trade and commerce, industries, etc. Customs collections in 1895 were \$305,856.25; in 1905 they were \$1,654,857.81. Bank clearances in 1895 were \$16,425,102.00, while in 1905 they were \$74,029,092.00, and in 1905 \$88,460,910.00. Although we have not the figures at hand, lumbering and manufacturing have increased very rapidly. Real estate transactions in 1895 were \$6,609,000.00; in 1900, \$7,781,000.00; 1905, \$31,055,000.00. Vancouver at the present time has a population of from 45,000 to 50,000 inhabitants, and is beautifully situated, and one of the first harbors in the world."

The lake navigation returns show that 41,025,845 bushels of wheat were shipped out of Port William and Port Arthur during the season of 1905. More than 20,000,000 bushels were carried by Canadian vessels, and less than 12,000,000 bushels by foreign vessels. Some 27,254,342 bushels were carried to Canadian ports and 13,771,503 bushels to American ports. Buffalo got 11,285,490 bushels of this Canadian wheat. Depot Harbor came next with 8,887,163 bushels, Montreal 6,881,855, Owen Sound 2,474,175, Midland 2,731,714, Point Edward 2,273,846, Goderich 1,895,710, and Kingston 665,625 bushels, while Meaford, Port Colborne and Thorold received smaller consignments. The fact that a third of the shipments went through American channels shows that there is still room for improvement in Canadian transportation facilities. Great strides have been made in two or three years, and still greater will be made in the next two or three.

So far the sum of \$60,000 has been realized on the sale of York Loan assets. The district in which the company's hands are located, will be equipped with a proper sewer system, and the National Trust Company, Limited, is not pressing sales until it

ONE DOLLAR STARTS

the ball rolling. If you earn a small salary and save part of it, you are better off than he who earns a larger salary and spends all of it. Take out

A Deposit Book With Us

you will like it; an independent feeling always possesses the man who is thrifty and saves; we credit interest quarterly on Savings Accounts.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada.

Put your money in a place where you can get it when you want it.

Main Office 28 King Street West.
Labor Temple Branch..... 167 Church Street.
Market Branch 168 King Street East.

A. E. AMES & CO.

LIMITED

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

7 AND 9 KING STREET EAST,

TORONTO.

Hon. Wm. Gibson, President. J. Turnbull, Vice-President and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - \$2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - 2,500,000
Total Assets - - 29,000,000

Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

85 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO

34 Yonge Street
Cor. Queen and Spadina.

Cor. Yonge and Gould.
Cor. College and Ossington.

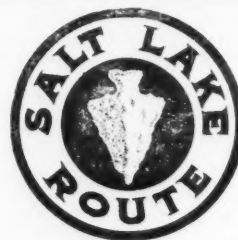
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

3 1/2% ON Deposits
TOTAL ASSETS \$7,886,950
4% ON Debentures

THE CENTRAL CANADA LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.

26 KING STREET EAST

TORONTO



The New and Shortest Way to the Land of Promise

SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES and SALT LAKE RAILROAD

Shortest Route Between Salt Lake City and Southern California.

Two Trains Daily Each Way

Los Angeles, Long Beach
Catalina Island
San Pedro
Terminal Island
and the
Seashore Resorts

Marius de Brabant, G. A.,
290 Broadway, New York

E. W. Gillett, Gen'l Passenger Agent
T. C. Peck, Asst. Gen'l Passenger Agent
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

is learned whether the street cars will be extended along Roncevalles avenue. Should this extension be made, the lands of the York Loan will yield much better returns to the shareholders.

The ore shipped from the famous Cobalt mining camp in 1905 aggregated 2,144 tons from the seventeen shipping mines in the camp. The following are the details of the output and the values: Silver, 2,441,421 ounces, valued at \$1,355,306; cobalt, 118 tons, valued at \$100,000; nickel, 75 tons, valued at \$10,525; arsenic, 549 tons, valued at \$2,603, an aggregate value of \$1,448,524.

There is at last some prospect that headway will be made with the task of straightening out the deadlock in connection with the land required for the site of the new Union Station at Toronto. The arbitrators, Judge Snider, C. H. Ritchie, K.C., and W. T. White, met the other day, elected the first named as chairman, appointed an official stenographer and decided to begin taking the evidence of the property-holders next week.

The report comes from Port Huron that a new railway line will be built from Bay City to Port Huron, that a car ferry service will be established across to Sarnia, and that the C. P. R. will construct a line to that point.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Mining Institute was held last week at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec. The following officers were elected: President, George R. Smith, M.P.P., Thetford Mines, Quebec; vice-presidents, for one year, Dr. F. D. Adams, Montreal; Major R. G. Leckie, Temagami P.O., Ontario; for two years, Frederick Keffer, Greenwood, B.C.; G. Herrick Duggan,

Nature's Poor Imitation.

When David Belasco was rehearsing Mrs. Carter in "Adrea," he instructed the stage manager to give him a clap of thunder which would shake the theater. It so happened that at the time an electric storm was raging without, and that, at the very moment when a flash of stage lightning illuminated the setting, a crash of genuine thunder awoke the echoes of the theater. From the back of the house Mr. Belasco called out:

"I don't think much of that! Try it again!"

"But," grinned the stage manager, coming down to the footlights, "that was the real thing!"

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Belasco; "it may be good enough for Nature, but it's not realistic enough for my stage."—"Saturday Evening Post."

"Yes," remarked the professor, "I rather pride myself on the discovery of another hypothesis." "Indeed," replied Mrs. Cumrox, a little doubtfully, "I had an idea they were quite extinct."—"Washington Star."

THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

34 King St. West, Toronto.

Savings Deposits of Twenty Cents and upwards received.

Interest Paid 4 Times a Year

THE HOW AND WHY OF IT.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the parts of the fruit that do you good. Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes are pressed—the juices separated from the tough, woody fibre—and concentrated. Then—(and this is the secret of "Fruit-a-tives")—one more atom of bitter principle from the orange peels is forced into the concentrated fruit juices. By this process—one of the most remarkable achievements of the age—the juices are made stronger, and many times more active medicinally. Finest tonics and internal antiseptics are added, and the whole evaporated and pressed into tablets. "Fruit-a-tives" are the greatest tonic, laxative and blood purifying medicine ever discovered.

50c. a box. At all druggists



60 to 1
Convido
Port
Wine
Has no
Equal
Sold by all
Dealers

D. O. ROBLIN, Toronto,
Sole Canadian Agent.



Underwear

becomes the life habit of those who discover for themselves (by wearing it) its great comfort and perfect adaptability to all weather changes. Warm in winter and cool in summer—it is the ideal underwear for all the year round and specially valuable for the changeable spring months. From leading dealers in all principal cities or write for Catalogue No. 31.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Co.,
LIMITED
2206 St. Catherine St. MONTREAL.

Spring Opening

Just received our new English, Oxford and Zephyr negligee shirts, a complete range of patterns to choose from.

We shall, from now on, open up new goods daily.

Our new Gieves are here. Newest shades for spring.

Our special values in underwear and hosiery will interest you.

Wreyford & Co.
85 King St. West
Sole agents for all Dr. Jaeger's Specialties.



The Marshall Sanitary Mattress

Cannot sag because of the 1100 springs inside.

It is always kept sweet and wholesome inside by means of a perfect ventilation through ventilators placed in the ends.

Get one and sleep right. It fits. Phone Main 4533.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., Limited
301 King St. West : : : Toronto.



City subscribers who do not receive "Saturday Night" promptly will confer a favor by reporting the same to this office. Main 1709.



Sporting Comment

THE game between the East and West last Saturday night produced some very fine hockey, in fact much better than anything we have seen in Toronto this year, and was a much more striking vindication of O. H. A. hockey than could have been expected from a season of undoubtedly mediocre play. It proved conclusively that there are in Ontario men who can stand comparison with the stars of the Eastern Canada or Manitoba Hockey Leagues. However, the fact that not more than two were picked from any one team just as clearly indicates the wide dearth of more than average hockey ability in these parts. Men like Hamber, Gee, Clarke, and other participants in the game under discussion stand in splendid isolation. They are the exception rather than the rule, and are far too few to lighten the mass of O. H. A. mediocrities. They are lights shining in the darkness, which serve not to illuminate, but to intensify the gloom surrounding them.

The O. H. A. is the largest hockey association in the country, but it would appear that instead of gathering good players it scatters them through a multitude of clubs. It represents divided, not concentrated, energies, and considers the greatest good of the greatest number a more cardinal point than the building up of a Stanley Cup team. It is difficult to cavil at such a policy, which has a stimulating and beneficial effect upon sport, but it is by following an opposite course that Ottawa and Kenora or the Wanderers have won their position in the hockey world. They have been like an octopus with their tentacles in every direction, and have drawn to their ranks the best talent in their respective leagues. Then, by successive processes of elimination in separating the chaff from the wheat, the residuum has formed league champions and Stanley Cup teams. Of course, all this has not been done without injury to other teams, perhaps to the detriment of the best interests of the game. The stronger teams have batted on the vitalities of their weaker brethren and have created a state of general debility in the leagues which they use for their own selfish interests. With these points in view it is a question whether the O. H. A. really suffers from the multiplicity and even mediocrity of its members. The healthiness of the organization counterbalances the lack of brilliance in its teams. It is, however, an assured fact that no O. H. A. septette will capture the Stanley Cup and the title of Dominion champions until a club arises with sufficient magnetic properties—possibly gold—to attract such a galaxy of players as were gathered together last Saturday.

Kenora has abundantly rewarded the forethought of those who gathered and kept together such brilliant material by winning the Manitoba championship for the second time in succession. They are undoubtedly wise in delaying their challenge for the Stanley Cup till next January. The uncertainties of ice at this time of year would greatly militate against the chances of a team used to keen surfaces, and would prevent the series being a real test of the strength of either challengers or challenged. At the time of writing, however, they are arranging games with the champions of the Professional League, and no doubt will have just as much excitement as if they had come East. This meeting of a team, supposedly amateur, with one admittedly professional will bring grief to the hearts and vitriol to the pens of those who have been bitten by the amateur bug and are swollen with rank excess of amateurism. They would like to ostracize and quarantine all professionals, but show so little foresight that they let suspected cases run through all the incipient stages of contagion, and defer action until they become virulent. Kenora, however, will not lose caste, and are immune from the plague, for they are fortified and thrice prepared by a sure anti-toxin, the license and permission of the Manitoba League. Even without this, I cannot see how Kenora would receive any harm. A game where everything is known for

THE EDITOR

Explains How to Keep Up Mental and Physical Vigor.

A New Jersey editor writes: "A long indulgence in improper food brought on a condition of nervous dyspepsia, nearly three years ago, so severe that I had to quit work entirely. I put myself on a strict regimen of Grape-Nuts food, with plenty of outdoor exercise, and in a few months found my stomach so far restored that the process of digestion gave me pleasure instead of distress."

"It also built up my strength so that I was able to resume my business, which is onerous, as I not only edit my own paper, but also do a great deal of 'outside' writing. "I find that the Grape-Nuts diet enables me to write with greater vigor than ever before, and without the feeling of brain-fog with which I used to be troubled. As to bodily vigor—I can and do walk miles every day without fatigue—a few squares used to weary me before I began to live on Grape-Nuts!" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

what it is and every player plays under his true colors is surely better than one where false affidavits fly abroad and players hold up the management in the dressing-room. The professionals are all right and the amateurs are all right, and it is perfectly possible for them to meet without doing harm to the professionalism of the one or the amateurism of the other. The people of Winnipeg, where Kenora is to play Houghton, are to be envied for their opportunity, and it is to be regretted that the rink management here were so inept enough to let slip the chance of securing a good professional team for a game in Toronto. The public want to see hockey players who ought to be played, and anyone who gratifies their taste has a lasting claim on their gratitude.

That hockey game at New Liskeard deserves a lasting place in the hockey annals of this province. In all the history of pioneer development in Canada never did new colonists so distinguish themselves for resource and ingenuity. The bracing atmosphere of the north country breeds a vigor that puts to shame the effete methods of those who dwell south of North Bay. Even in the wildest parts of Old Ontario they never dream of importing more than one or, at the most, two "ringers" for a game. But in New Ontario they do things wholesale, they import a whole team, acclimatize them, enfranchise them and make them citizens—all within an hour of their arrival. Deceit on this colossal scale cannot be dignified with common appellations. It is sublime and heroic and deserves not to be named in the same breath with the feeble trickery and pettifoggery methods of common "ringers." New Liskeard is in a unique position, and has a proud reputation to sustain. Granted, however, that New Liskeard brains engineered this consummate scheme to trim Haileybury, Toronto is not without her share of credit. Three of the instruments of the plot, instruments we make bold to claim of uncommon flexibility and temper, hail from Toronto. Was it because neither in Berlin, Galt, Stratford nor any other of our country rivals, except Barrie, could be found men to engage in a great enterprise? If so we are highly honored. There is something romantic in the thought of these three Toronto men flying northward by the midnight express, filled like a Raleigh or a Drake, with the adventurous desire to conquer a new world, a New Ontario. The midnight ride of Paul Revere, in comparison, was a mere early-morning amble in the park. They were only the more true adventurers that they desired gain as well as fame. We now hear that New Liskeard is agast at the greatness of what it has done, and with faint-hearted timidity is shrinking from the trail along the rocky heights and is fain once more to walk in paths of peace and righteousness. It is amazing to see such fear and terror in the sturdy settlers of the frozen north, but if they are repentant we can do nothing else but let them repent. The spoils of war they won from the game will be a pleasant balm for their wounded spirits. But those knight-errants, our worthy fellow-citizens, who assisted them to conquer, once having tasted of greatness and newspaper publicity cannot be expected to come down from their pedestal and walk with common men and ordinary hockey players. However the O. H. A. may coax them, they no doubt will consider it infra dig, to comply. They are, perhaps, willing to pay the penalty of fame, and to live in solitary grandeur, but whether willing or unwilling, my own opinion is that they will be seen no more on local ice.

The annual tournament of the American Bowling Association at Louisville next week has for weeks been exciting the bowling fraternity of America, and in no place more than in Toronto. The bowlers in Toronto are so numerous and so enthusiastic that every night till the small hours of the morning the alleys resound to the crash of falling pins. In spite of that the game is by no means on its last pins, it has just taken root and is growing every year in popularity. Accordingly, what was more natural than that Toronto bowlers should be represented with great éclat at this approaching tournament? For weeks the great topic was whom they should send, and a team was selected with all judiciousness, with an eye to strikes and spares. What matter if some have criticized the selection? Bowlers have their quirks and fancies like other men and doubtless every bowler in the city feels that he can knock over pins in Louisville better than in Toronto. The team leaves for the South to-day, and will no doubt be given a royal send-off and a still more enthusiastic ovation if it returns victorious. Any trip like this, which brings Canadians into contact with American sportsmen, is a good thing for sport itself and for the friendly relations of two countries. Although not a bowler myself, I wish the Toronto delegates every success in their Louisville expedition, and may they give the assembled Yankees a new revelation of the possibilities of the tenpin game.

The new movement in this city and Montreal for the adoption of the English Rugby game has gone ahead with so much enthusiasm that one is safe in prophesying its success. The promoters have kept steadily at work, in spite of the inclemencies of the season, enrolling members, securing promises of subscriptions and options on practise grounds. In New York and in several of the large universities,

notably Columbia, there is a serious agitation for the English rules, and it begins to look as if one immediate result of last season's football investigations would be the widespread adoption of the English football game. Those who claim it to be the one perfect code are as misguided as those who talk of perfect political constitutions, but if it prove the one best adapted to the needs of Canadian football it will obtain a position in our athletic system from which it will not soon be ousted.

The annual meeting of the Lambton Golf and Country Club was held on Saturday afternoon in the Temple Building, with President A. W. Austin in the chair, and Mr. John E. Hall acting as secretary. The club's finances were found to be in a very satisfactory condition. The following were elected governors of the club for the year: Messrs. A. W. Austin, R. Home Smith, C. N. Candee, C. C. James, George S. Lyon, A. Roger, W. C. Matthews and S. R. Hart. The Greens Committee and the House Committee will be selected by the governors, and Mr. A. W. Austin will again be president. Mr. George S. Lyon, who is not only the best golfer but the most popular member of the club, was the unanimous choice for the captaincy. It was announced that during the year the course would be made much more suitable for good golf by the construction of side bunkers all along the way, to punish wild play and reward those who follow the straight and narrow path. Some of the greens will be protected by long grass to compel loft shots, and altogether, haphazard play will be penalized and skill rewarded. The officers of the club have deemed it wise to be slow and sure about bunkering the course, but after three years' experience they now feel safe in going ahead. The lesson of experience is that the cross bunker is not the best, but the side trap that compels accuracy.

RULES AND ETIQUETTE OF GOLF.



"If a ball lies in a boundary ditch or stream it shall be counted out of bounds unless the player chooses to play it."—Tom Browne, in the "Tatler."

The Golf Caddie

GOLF is a good game, as we who love it know full well. But it has its active annoyances, and the chief of these, so far as our own country is concerned, is the caddie. Indeed it is not too much to say that the American caddie is the worst in the world, writes Van Tassel Sutphen in "Outing"; every golfer knows what it is to have his day at the game literally poisoned by the laziness, the ignorance and the insolence of the average club-carrier. But let us be fair to the boys, for it is entirely our own fault. For example, in Great Britain a player never touches his ball from the beginning to the end of the round. The caddie tees it (and tees it properly), picks it out of the cup, cleans it and indeed, does everything but hit it. When golf began in this country our players were too impatient to train the caddies in their appropriate duties; the golfer wanted to do everything himself, and he never dreamed of enlisting the active interest of the boy in his play. The caddie was treated as a mere beast of burden, and such he remains to-day, an expensive and intolerable nuisance.

Now it is perfectly possible to make a decent caddie even out of unpromising material. It simply depends upon the establishment of friendly relations between the employer and the employee. Our American boys are quicker and sharper-witted than their English and Scottish cousins, and all they need is training to make them the best caddies in the world instead of the worst. The man who treats his caddie as a human being, who speaks to him in a friendly and kindly fashion, who makes of him a confidant and a mentor on doubtful points of play, is sure to get a response more or less promising. The boy must be made to feel that he is a partner in your business if he is to take a vital interest in it. This is the theory, but in practice it is virtually impossible owing to the rule prevailing at nearly every club, under which the boys are sent out in rotation and the player is obliged to accept the caddie assigned to him. It is obviously impracticable for a golfer to train thirty or forty boys to his requirements, and he soon abandons the task. The player treats the boy as a mere machine and possibly never speaks to him except by way of correction; the caddie regards his work as a dull exercise on the treadmill and consequently shirks it as much as he dreads. The result is mutual dissatisfaction.

At some clubs an attempt has been made to minimize the evil by dividing the boys into two divisions: Class A and Class B. The Class A caddies are supposed to be more efficient and better behaved, and get a slightly higher wage in recognition of their superior qualities. Promotion and degradation follow for cause. This plan is only a makeshift, not a remedy. The boys are still sent out in rotation, the argument being that to keep a full corps on duty it is ne-

We Could Talk to You All Day On the MERITS of

Blue Ribbon

TEA, but we could not convince you as easily as a TRIAL would, that BLUE RIBBON is the nearest to PERFECTION that any tea has reached. TRY THE RED LABEL QUALITY.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations."

BEETHAM'S
Larola
Soothing and Refreshing

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England.)

SOLE MAKERS:
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, ENGLAND.

It entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, TAN, etc. It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT.

necessary to guarantee an equal amount of employment. As a consequence the standard of efficiency is fixed by the work of the poorest boy of the lot instead of by the best. There is still no incentive for individual improvement. Now there is a remedy, and it is offered in the hope that some progressive club may see fit to give it a fair trial. Let the club guarantee to all the boys employed a minimum wage for the week—enough to secure their regular attendance even if there be no play at all. (Indeed, this is the custom now in force at most of the leading clubs.) Then let the players who care to do so be allowed to choose their own caddies, paying a small sum for the privilege, the extra compensation going to the caddie himself. Five cents would be enough or, if the premium be fixed at ten cents, then the caddie should be expected to clean the player's clubs without further charge. To adopt such a plan will cost the club nothing, the regular golfers will be only too glad to pay a small fee for really satisfactory service, and the boys themselves will have something to work for, a definite incentive to make themselves of value to the player. Under the laws of the game the player and his caddie are nominally one entity and they should be so in reality. A good caddie! If only American golfers knew what the word might and should mean!

The Kaiser's Motor-Cars.

The German Emperor possesses five motor-cars, of which four are of German make and one of Italian. The latter, which is a present from the King of Italy, is the one which the Kaiser prefers, and last year he covered the distance from Hanover to Hamburg in it in three hours and twenty-seven minutes. As the journey by road is not much short of two hundred miles, he must have driven at very nearly a mile a minute. The Kaiser's cars are all painted dark yellow, and he employs seven chauffeurs. It is rather curious that in the Imperial stables are three hundred and fifty horses and three hundred carriages, most of which the Emperor never uses.

A Doniphan County farmer who is known for working his men long hours recently hired an Irishman. A day or so later the farmer said he was going to town to buy a new bed for Pat.

"Yez needn't git extravagant on me account," said Pat. "If it's jist the same to yez, yez can cut out buyin' a new bed and can thrade the ould wan for a lantern."—Kansas City Journal.

The Greatest Foe of Temperance

In this age of Adulteration and Substitution the consumer of so-called Scotch Whisky is left poorer in pocket, poorer in health, poorer in every way.

There is a Startling Reason!

A large proportion of the "Scotch Whisky" sold is the product of the Patent Still which uses any substance, impure or diseased, that will yield alcohol. To make this fiery spirit drinkable it is "blended" with a little Pure Malt and sold to the consumer at the same price as the genuine article.

"STRATHMILL" and "Spey Royal" SCOTCH WHISKIES

The Acme of Perfection in All-Pure Malt Whiskies

Guaranteed to be distilled entirely by the old-fashioned Pot Still method from the choicest home-grown Scotch Barley only and delivered pure and intact as bottled.

Safeguard your health, your pocket and your morals by the labels—given "Under Acts of Parliament."

"STRATHMILL" and "Spey Royal" are on sale at all first-class establishments.

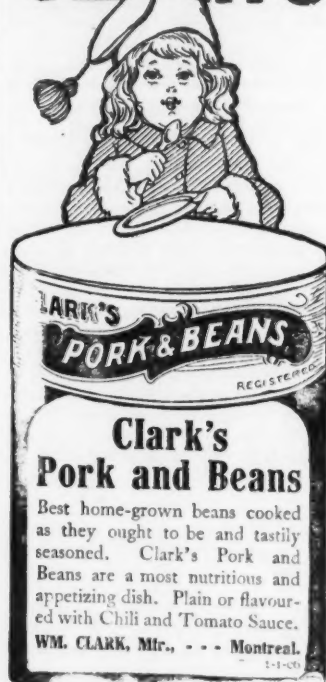
J. & A. Gilbey

Distillers, Bottlers and Distributors of Absolutely Pure and Genuine Scotch Whisky

For sale in Toronto by:
Wm. Mara & Co., 79 Yonge.
Frank Giles, 614 Yonge.
Geo. W. Cooley, 601 Yonge.
T. K. Haffey, 210 Wilton Ave.
Edmund Field, 207 Walsley.
C. H. Forbes, 144 Queen West.
Est. Frank Davis, 115 Elm.
T. H. George, 709 Yonge.
For sale in London by E. B. Smith, Wine and Spirit Merchant.
For sale in Ottawa by Bate & Co., Spark Street.

Distributors: R. H. HOWARD & CO., Toronto.

CLARK'S



No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED.
A furnished house is wanted in Rosedale or vicinity, from May until October. Two persons in family. Address "Box J," "Saturday Night" Office.

DRAMA

AMONG modern novels *The Virginian*, by Owen Wister, has established for itself a firm place in the affections of those who like a good story and a manly hero. Its immense sale must have meant more than a million readers, and even in these fiction-reading days, such a popular impression means unusual success. The dramatized *Virginian* will be seen at the Princess Theater next week, and as the author and Kirke La Shelle have united in this work, the charm of the original story is said to have been carefully preserved. Those who read the novel will remember that the *Virginian* is in the foreground from first to last and that even pretty Molly owes her chief attraction to the fact that the fascinating cowboy falls in love with her. The author succeeded in what is so rarely done—giving the public a flesh-and-blood hero with manly virtues and lovable faults, and it is quite impossible to read the book and not be desirous of the *Virginian's* friendship. Although the hero was born in the South, he has lived for years in Wyoming and is in "perfect sympathy with the peculiar manifestations of civilization that obtained in that region during the '70's and '80's, when cattle-raising was the only business, cattle-stealing the only crime, and lynching the only evidence of law and order." To send a pretty and somewhat prim New England school-ma'am to this wild region is running great risks. But golden-haired Molly goes to the wild West and is rescued from a flood by the *Virginian*, who impressively makes his first appearance as a lover. It is a love story of the good old-fashioned sort, like Kipling's *Three-Decker*, "with a scent of old-world roses." The feud that darkens the course of Molly's love and that comes to a tragic termination on the eve of her marriage, throws a light on the stern realities of life in those wild days when a man had to be his own police protection. If the drama is half as good as the novel it will be worth seeing.

Mr. Dustin Farnum plays the part of the cowboy hero, and he is ably supported by the Kirke La Shelle company. The setting for this drama of the ranch is said to be all that the ways of the West demand, the accoutrements of the cowboys being rudely picturesque. It is to be hoped that the play includes several of the humorous incidents of the narrative, in which the *Virginian* plays the pranks of a grown-up Stinky. What everyone remembers is the all night vigil which he forced the clergyman to keep with him in order to save the *Virginian's* errand soul. But most memorable of all was the *Virginian's* rifle-enforced advice to the enemy who had called him by an opprobrious name:—"When you say that, smile."

The department of drama in *Ainslee's Magazine* has always been of interest, and although Mr. Channing Pollock has taken the place of Mr. Alan Dale in the March number, his article, *Making a Roman Holiday*, is no less entertaining than were the sprightly papers of his predecessor. The comments on the "Soiety Circus" at the New York Hippodrome, as beautiful Claire Heliot enters the cage, are a bit of philosophic reflection. "While Claire Heliot unfolded the greatest animal entertainment ever conceived in any age or country, I watched the spectators and reflected on what Goethe said about 'the thin veneer of civilization.' The people around me were finding unbounded pleasure in the sight presented. They leaned forward slightly in their chairs, gasping a little when one of the savage brutes before them rebelled against its trainer and struck at her with its clawed paw. . . . The man behind me who said eagerly, 'Some day they'll get her,' truthfully represented the crowd of which he was one. It seemed to me, as the act ended in a tumult of plaudits, that the scene was too little different from Nero's carnivals of blood to have been separated from those entertainments by nineteen hundred years. The only real variance was in the conclusion of the show, and I couldn't help wondering whether anyone except Anthony Comstock would have objected very honestly if that variance had not existed. . . . Any of the pleasure-glutted old Roman emperors would have been delighted at the ballet of pretty girls, clad brilliantly and scantily."

Several times this year an announcement has been made in New York which gladdens the eyes and heart of those who like straight comedy. It is to the following effect: "Signs are not lacking that musical comedy is on the down grade nowadays. Of course, there is still a chance for a really good article—such as *Mile Modiste*, in which Fritz Scheff has been so successful. Unlike most pieces of its kind, *Mile Modiste* would be as coherent and interesting without its music as with it. It is built upon a properly constructed story, and it contains no low comedian to disgust the audience with antics which belonged upon the upper shelf when Lilian Russell was young." If *Mile Modiste* is such a shining exception to the ordinary musical comedy, the sooner it comes to the Princess Theater the happier Toronto theatergoers will be. But from several of such productions as have been inflicted upon us this season we pray to be delivered. *Little Johnny Jones*, which appeared two weeks ago, is one of those interminable mediocrities with no plot and less melody. *The Isle of Bone Bong* was another production that created more ennui in less time than any other island we know. *Piff, Paff, Poff*, advertised as a musical cocktail, was utterly without taste or sparkle, but as it came in the week of indigestion following the Christmas holidays, its insipid nature was not a trial. The worst of them all was *Coming Thro' the Rye*, which was the most stupid mosaic of slang we have heard for many a month. The leading lady, who sang *Get Busy*, is still an unlovely memory. If we are to have any more musical comedies, may it not be of the *Little Johnny Jones* order. Song hits require a public with a vigorous constitution, and everyone is feeling too tired for such rude attacks.

Pretty Peggy, at the Grand this week, is an ambitious attempt to reproduce the life, character and times of Peg Woffington, the famous Irish actress of Garrick's day. This ill-weaved ambition is somewhat shrunk in the process, and does not accomplish its aims; so that the actors are more to be praised for their endeavors than for their accomplishments. An actress off the stage is a strange creature, an actress on the stage is a stranger creature, but the strangest of all creatures is an actress on the stage playing the part of an actress. So is it with *Pretty Peggy*. Nevertheless if her part lacks vraisemblance and the richness of the true historical atmosphere, Jane Corcoran, in the title role, acts with pleasing vivacity and has much of the wit, roguish good-humor and capriciousness of the *Pretty Peg* whom love of David Garrick drew from Madame Violante's Circus Booth in Dublin to carry all London before her at Drury Lane. If she is deficient in anything it is in dramatic intensity in emotional scenes. The play well deserves its title, as it is pervaded with Peggy, words of Peggy, family of Peggy, lovers of Peggy. It is *Peg this and Peg that*. "Well, Peg," "Come, Peg," "Now, Peg," and "Pretty Peg" for all the world like a game of cribbage. Walter Law, as David Garrick, keeps up a good standard of acting throughout, and looked more eighteenth century in his powdered queue, silk breeches, ruffles and dangling rapier,

than others of the ladies and gentlemen who sought to invest with some flavor of historical reminiscence the parts of Mrs. Bracegirdle, Colley Cibber, Frederick Prince of Wales and Sir Charles Hanbury. Miss Corcoran, in the last two acts of the play, when she denounces Garrick for his infidelities, and just before the curtain, when, as *Kosakind*, she falters in the splendid epilogue of *As You Like It*, gives one a good impression of her dramatic attainments and a reasonable hope that she will rise high in her profession. Such plays as *Pretty Peggy*, with their attempts to recreate the past, run the hazards of historical novels and require every fidelity and attention to details to render them convincing to the twentieth century theatergoer.

The vaudeville offerings at Shea's this week are sufficiently varied and amusing well to repay a visit. The feature of the programme is Paul Conchas the German military Hercules, who juggles cannon balls and other heavy objects with amazing dexterity and ease. The climax of his act is the balancing of a heavy cannon, wheels and all, on the frail support of his chin. The sketch, *Tactics*, is an amusing satire on American post-bellum controversies. The antagonism of a Southern officer and a veteran Northern general threatens to interfere with the love affairs of their son and daughter respectively, but everything goes well, the old soldiers are reconciled, the young folks made happy. Eltinge is a female impersonator who wears handsome gowns and sings in regulation soubrette style. Luigi Dellbro has a musical novelty, the "arronopede," which he plays with both hands and feet. Wormwood's monkeys and dogs go through some clever antics and Theresa Doyoval, a French soprano from the theatre des Varieties, sings very sweetly. Lew Hawkins with some amusing stories and parodies, and the kinetograph close the bill.

As a spectacular production, *The Shepherd King*, which is at the Princess Theater this week, surpasses anything of the kind which Toronto has seen, even *Ben Hur's* Oriental magnificence suffering eclipse. Mr. Wright Lorimer deserves credit for his active belief in the dramatic possibilities of David's early history and the perseverance which has finally secured such a setting. Mr. Lorimer's interpretation of the part is sincere and ingenious, being more effective with *David* as the gentle shepherd lad than as the denunciatory enemy of *Saul*. But the whole production is a succession of pictures which leave an impression such as the modern theatergoer seldom experiences. The production is thoroughly artistic and the manner in which the Biblical narrative has been "made into drama" is commendable in restraint and dignity.

Those in charge of the matinee performance to be given by the Theatrical Mechanical Benevolent Association at the Princess, Friday, March 23rd, are putting forth every effort to make this event the success of the season. All the different companies playing in the city will contribute to the programme. The performance will start at 1.55 sharp, with an overture played by an orchestra of sixty musicians seated on the stage, and will include some of the best attractions on the road this season. Another feature will be the giving away of a souvenir to every patron. An entertainment of this unique and amusing character offers great attractions to theatergoers. The sale of reserved seats will start at 9 a.m. Tuesday, March 20th, at the box office, Princess Theater.

Frank X. Schoonmaker, who for many years was the foreign editor of the Associated Press, and who is now a resident of Cincinnati, is noted as an authority on the Chinese question. He finds the different mental processes of the Occidental and Chinese to constitute one of the chief obstacles to intercourse between them. In illustration of the difference in methods of argument he says that he was once expounding the Commandments to a Chinaman of intelligence, the latter bringing forth every objection to them that occurred to him. The fifth, "Honor thy father and thy mother," etc., was reached, and the Chinaman said: "But isn't every normal and ordinary child ordered to honor his father and his mother?" "Why, yes, he is," said Mr. Schoonmaker. "Then," asked the Chinaman, "why urge him to do what he is naturally disposed to do anyway? He may argue that there may be some reason why he should not."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*.

That their days may be long in the seas to which they have been appointed will, of course, be the wish of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman respecting the Bench of



MARY B. CONWELL
as MOLLY WOOD in "THE VIRGINIAN."

Bishops. The day may come, however, when he will have to appoint successors to some now reigning. Mr. Gladstone was wont to aver that he never had an application for preferment to a bishopric, though there were those who would write applications for minor places backed by such inducements as this: "The father of the young lady to whom I am engaged is a member of the ——— Club, where a large bust of yourself was recently unveiled." Sir Henry will become accustomed to missives like this; but he will be spared any conflict with high authority over the Episcopal Bench such as some of his predecessors experienced. Pitt had his eye on Tomkins for the Primacy; George III. had different intentions, so popped round to the house of his nominee. "How d'ye do, my Lord? Come to tell you that you're Archbishop of Canterbury," he said—"Archbishop of Canterbury, d'ye accept?" The good man acquiesced, and the monarch trotted off, saying, "You've got a party—see all their hats here; go back to them." The enemy was forestalled.



TOMPKINS is a bachelor who has a morbid and increasing fear of becoming a benedict. The rustle of a silk skirt gives him a nervous chill and playing whist with a woman reduces him to a state of desperation in which he is capable of almost any crime. It was, therefore, with a heart sinking into the soles of his immaculate shoes that he learned he would be expected to attend a tea given by Mrs. Maxwell, the wife of the manager of the company who held Tomkins' services in high esteem. As he was animated by a desire to "get on," he knew that he would be neglecting his opportunities if he were absent from the tea, and yet, if he went, he would encounter whole roomfuls of women and would be expected to eat little sugary cakes, and Tomkins, poor chap, has to be very careful of what he eats, shuddering at the very thought of delicacy.

"Are you going, Forbes?" he asked of the man who came nearest to being his friend. "Of course I'm going. There's an awfully pretty girl visiting at the old man's, and I think it's very decent of Mrs. Maxwell to ask us. It would never do for you to sneak home. Cheer up, my dear Al-horse! There'll probably be an orchestra and the music will help to keep up your spirits. It helps the soldiers, you know. And, whatever you do, don't pick the roses." "It's all very well for you to talk," said Tomkins sullenly, "you go to those fool things once a week any-

way. But I've always kept away from anything like that, and I haven't the ghost of an idea what to talk about."

"All the better," said Forbes cheerfully, "you don't need ideas at a tea. It's not a Browning Club or a place for high thinking and plain living. If I see you getting purple in the face I'll hurry over and rescue you. To-morrow about a quarter after five, old man."

"I'm not feeling very well," said Tomkins, feebly. "I think it's another attack of gripe coming on."

"Shouldn't be surprised if it was smallpox," said Forbes, rudely. "That's what comes of abolishing vaccination in the kindergarten. You've got to come, Tomkins, and you may as well try to look pleasant. There's a girl I want you to meet."

"I won't meet her," declared his unhappy friend, "I don't like girls. They always giggle so much that I wonder what's the matter with my tie. I like married women with some sense."

"That's a most depraved taste in you, George," said Forbes in mock reproof, "you'd think you belonged to the smart set. But I won't blame you for flirting with the chief's wife. She's the third wife, you know, and every one of them has been charming. Such luck some men have!"

Tompkins was in a state of dejection bordering on hysteria when they appeared at Mrs. Maxwell's the next afternoon, and he regarded with some envy the dignified and elderly person who announced him. He managed to get "awfully glad" and found himself near a rose-wreathed mantel which seemed to afford him temporary shelter. How many women there were and what could they be talking about? As he began to recover he noticed Briggs across the room. He liked Briggs, and would go over and talk to him about his purpose to buy a new dinner. With his eye on Briggs, he made his way through a labyrinth of silk and *crepe de Chine*. Suddenly he heard a sound that makes the boldest quake and he found a pair of iridescent dark eyes looking into his, while the owner of the eyes gazed the back of a mangled skirt.

"I'm—I'm fearfully sorry," said Tomkins. "Pray don't mention it," said the lady sternly. "It doesn't matter in the least." But the wrath in her eyes did not decrease and Tomkins became more dismal.

"I wish—I wish you'd let me fix it," he stammered in confusion. A look of surprise mingled with the anger and he fled to Briggs with a shred of chiffon clinging to his heel.

"Hello Tomkins! Didn't know you were at home at this sort of thing."

"The—I've walked all over a woman's skirt," almost sobbed Tomkins, "the grey one."

"That's Mrs. Laneham, and it's the prettiest gown in the room. Just like you, Tomkins, to devote yourself to the best. But we mustn't stand here. You're supposed to make yourself agreeable. Come along." Before Tomkins could protest, he was listening to Miss Forrest, who was asking him if he had been to the O. S. A. exhibition, and if he went to the noon services and how he liked Henrietta Crossman. He had met Miss Forrest before when he was dining with the Maxwells, and he realized that his affairs were now in the hands of a capable guide. He even confided to her that he didn't know what to do at a tea and that he had already torn a beautiful gown.

"Never mind," said Miss Forrest consolingly, "a manly man always hates this sort of thing and women have no right to wear long skirts." Tomkins is a little nervous man, so he felt highly complimented by this remark and threw back his head in a fashion that was almost aggressive, feeling as if he had done the essentially masculine act of treading ruthlessly upon feminine frills.

"Of course I haven't much time for teas," he continued, "but Maxwell made quite a point of my coming to this, and Mrs. Maxwell is a charming woman."

"Why, I have always understood that you are a woman-hater, Mr. Tomkins," said Miss Forrest, with a glance of mingled protest and surprise. Tomkins again felt flattered, for some mysterious reason, and began to explain.

"Well, really I'm not, you know. That is, I don't hate 'em exactly."

"That's very good of you," said Miss Forrest, with a little bubbling laugh, quite unlike the giggles which Tomkins dreaded.

"The trouble is," with a sudden eagerness that surprised himself, "that there are so few women whom a man can talk to about anything serious, and I haven't any fund of small talk."

"What a beastly prig!" thought Margaret Forrest. But she said: "I dare say you are right. Still one couldn't get along without small talk in society. I suppose when there are no women around, you men talk on the most profound subjects." She looked remarkably innocent, but Tomkins was abashed.

"Yes. That is, we talk about different things. But won't you have coffee or an ice or something? This was a most advanced step for Tomkins and he was conscious of a feeling of elation as he brought her a glass of lemonade and absurd little rolls of bread and butter with something green at the end and a pink ice which almost slid from the plate as he held it at a dangerous angle.

"But aren't you going to eat anything?" said Miss Forrest with sweet anxiety.

"I'll snail my dinner," said Tomkins firmly, "but have one of these green candies. I don't see why they put nigger frills on them." Miss Forrest laughed again, and he wondered why others had not made the discovery of his wit. Then they went to the library and had quite an interesting chat before he saw Forbes beckoning to him.

"It wasn't half bad," he said jubilantly to the latter as they crossed the park.

"Tomkins, you're a wonder—a positive wonder. The next time you grumble about going anywhere and say you can't get on with women I'll know what to believe. What do you mean by carrying off a girl like Margaret Forrest and not letting anyone else say a word to her? It wasn't good form to make your feelings quite so evident, but at any rate, George, your taste is excellent."

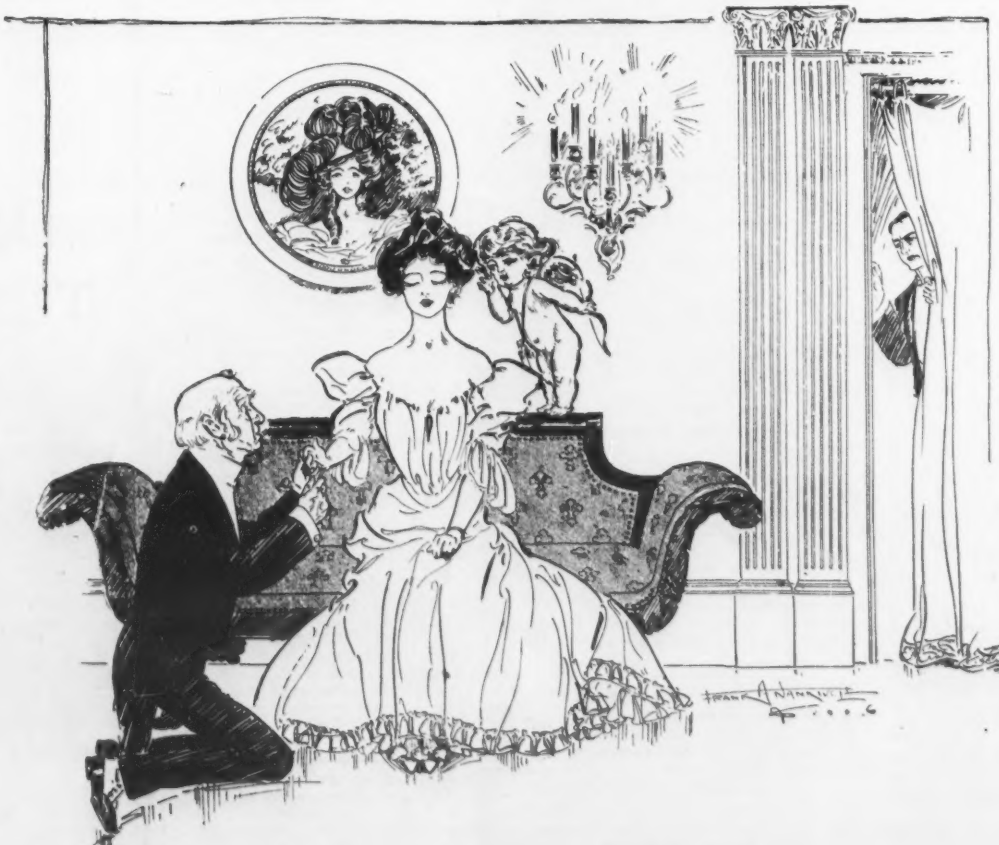
"You're talking rot," said Tomkins in an unusual burst of scorn. "It's good form to enjoy yourself and she was the only person there worth talking to."

"My dear fellow," said his friend, regarding him with mournful and prophetic eye, "I won't say that I see your finish, but I may say that as best man I am the most expert specimen in the city."

CANADIANNE.

The recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Palace of King Tzedaw, at Mandalay, recalls the circumstances by which the latter learned to speak English. His father one day inspected a mission school in Rangoon, and the missionary in charge urged him to encourage the work by sending one of his sons to the school. The king replied that he would be very glad to do so, and asked, "What age should the boy be?" "About fifteen, your Majesty." Immediately the king turned to his Prime Minister. "Have I a son of about fifteen?" "Oh, yes, many, your Majesty," was the reply. And Theobaw was selected.

Walter Wellman, the newspaper correspondent who says he will try to get to the North Pole with an airship, broke his leg on one of his dashes to the Pole. He fell into a crevice in the ice, and has limped painfully ever since.



"I refuse to answer by advice of counsel."—Puck.

The Factory Girl

It is impossible in these days to escape the discussion of the problem of domesticity. Divorce, single tax, the preferential tariff are as nothing in the face of the question: "Where shall merely Mary Ann be found?" It seems as if the young women of Canada scorn to enter the kitchen or dust the parlor and the situation becomes more acute each year, in spite of the first aid to the housewife, promised by the immigration societies. Not long ago I heard a conversation on this agitating subject, during which one woman declared: "And now Maggie has left me, to work in a factory. I can't understand why any girl should prefer such a life to being with a nice family and having a comfortable room."

"I think I can understand," replied her friend; "if you were to pay a visit to certain factories, you would find the answer. I was in a factory last week which would be far more attractive to most girls than the average household service." This was so different from the ordinary opinion expressed on the subject that my curiosity was aroused, finally leading to a visit to the scene referred to. It was the first visit to such an establishment, except an expedition in my childhood to a candy factory, which was a sugary paradise in my youthful eyes. The story of "The Woman Who Toils" and of "That Lass of Lowrie's" were in my memory, but were forgotten when I encountered the clean reality of a quiet office where everyone seemed to be busy and yet no one seemed to be in a hurry.

When I asked to see the girls at work the manager promptly summoned a willing guide who, I was informed, "mothered the girls." She was quite ready to answer any questions and to conduct the visitor to any part of the factory, although there had been no notification that her services would be required. There are two hundred and fifty girls employed in this building, and although some of them are gray-haired, most of them are decidedly young. I had the idea that all factory workers are pale and round-shouldered and have hollow eyes with a mournful, hungry expression. This notion, like many other traditions, I was forced to abandon in the face of the decidedly bright and healthy-looking girls who seemed to be in no need of condoling sympathy. In fact, the rosy cheeks frequently seen made me ask if the girls were not of Old Country birth. "Most of them are Canadians, but there are some English and Scotch girls," was the reply.

Packing and labelling were the occupations of those in the lower rooms, the work being accomplished with a dexterity that was rather bewildering to the inexperienced. The rooms were decidedly bright and attractive, with white walls, against which the blue boxes stood out boldly. Ventilation was much better than in many of our churches and concert halls, and altogether the conditions for health had been carefully considered. But even further precautions have been taken, and I was informed that a physician is in attendance every morning at ten o'clock to be consulted by any employee whose health is at all unsatisfactory.

The work cannot be called heavy, the chief physical strain coming from the necessity for standing, which, however, is not so great as in many of the large shops. On the third floor, I happened to look out of the window and found that one could see across the bay and far beyond the gap, the only unpleasant feature being the back yards of certain King street dwellings which looked dreary enough with the March mud and March mist to add the last depressing touches. The girls may be too busy to give much heed to the view. But it is always there, and in the summer a turn of the head will bring blue Lake Ontario in sight. And then the thought of the Saturday trips came, with the cheering reflection of how easy it was on the half-holiday to get away from the city soil to beach or island or across the lake. Many of us grumble about the crowded boats on the last day of the week without ever thinking of what the few free hours mean to those who have been in the factories all week.

But there is ice in the bay, as yet, and I came back from a July forecast to the March reality. Wheels were gliding almost noiselessly around, hundreds of soda biscuits were sliding down grooves on either side into those blue boxes which were to go forth and have their contents rolled for soup and croquettes and all manner of crumbly delicacies. What consumers we human beings must be! never enters the head until one sees the tremendous production. The suspicion that we should hardly care to eat certain dishes if we saw their preparation does not hold good with regard to these rapidly filling boxes, for a process more conventionally clean than everything connected with the operation, from the oven to the box, it would be hard to imagine. I know a man who says that the sight of certain stockyards made him a vegetarian, that he has not been able to enjoy the most daintily cress-trimmed steak since his glimpse of the slaughter which is the first step towards the savory dish. But no such disillusion followed, as I went from plain biscuits and fig bar to such airy, fairy delicacies as wafer rolls and chocolate almonds. It was all immaculately clean, if overwhelmingly sweet.

The girls are a remarkably cheerful-looking community, hardly a sullen face appearing among those surrounding the tables. It may be remembered that two years ago, Hon. John Dryden, at that time Minister of Agriculture, brought upon his head some scorn and contumely because of

proposed legislation as to the fashion in which factory girls should do their hair. The young men who write ruthless rhymes for the evening papers and the cartoonists whose India ink holds nothing sacred, warned the Honorable John that such legislation might create a feminine opposition that would work havoc with the Reform Government. However, the law proposed simply recognized the danger that extravagant pompadours may prove where there is machinery to be reckoned with. It is a matter of some curiosity to the feminine mind that factories and books should belong to the Department of Agriculture. When a volume of Mr. Wilfrid Campbell's poems is published in Canada it must be entered at the office of the Minister of Agriculture, the same member of the Cabinet having the factories of the province under his kindly eye. It is one of those arrangements that must be regarded as inscrutably wise. With the Dryden proposition in mind, I observed the way in which the girls had arranged their hair and found that it was in the prevailing fashion, neatly parted and waved, while in many cases large bows adorned the back of the head. The dress is decidedly neat and practical, dark skirts being worn, while white blouses and large aprons are supplied by the firm, two of each a week, which must keep the laundry attached to the factory moderately busy.

That the employers are solicitous for the physical comfort of their workers was sufficiently manifest, but in one of the brightest rooms I discovered in the course of conversation



with the foreman that there is also some provision for the religious aspect of life. Noon meetings are held every day, which many of the girls attend, and the foreman, speaking in warm terms of the excellent class of girls under his supervision, stated that two of them were deeply interested in the work of the Bible Training School, and that one of them, a cheerful, sweet-faced girl, singing over her task of sorting coconut biscuits, hoped to go out to China next year. This was a somewhat surprising phase of the scene and it seemed a far cry from a Canadian factory to the Celestial Kingdom. There was a genuine human interest about his simple reference to the homes from which these girls have come, many of them having all the safeguards of parents' protection, and others having only the loneliness of a room in a boarding-house after the day's work. This fatherly-minded foreman spoke in warm terms of the work of the Evangelia House, in which many of the prominent women of Toronto are interested. With the great growth of the city, there is a corresponding increase in the factory community and the "Evangelia" deserves sincere and permanent support.

The dressing-rooms are thoroughly equipped and display an orderliness in keeping with the general system of the place and in a neat sewing room, the aprons for use in the factory are manufactured. While there are no evidences of waste, there is everywhere seen a disposition to provide things decently and in order. An hour is allowed at noon, and for those girls who remain in the building for lunch the firm provides tea and sugar, the cheering beverage being sent up hot as may be required. The closing hour is six o'clock, when the departing employees find as they scramble for seats that the Street Railway Company is without consideration for the public which uses red tickets. The manager, on whom I had made this impromptu call, assured me that employees of the class which the firm almost invariably secured were only to be had by using great care and enforcing certain rules with unswerving strictness. Any leniency in these directions would only mean unfairness to the majority; hence their reputation for strictness was in itself a recommendation to the better class of workers. He referred to the cheerful, social intercourse of the girls, saying that friction among them was decidedly unusual.

As I left the factory, I felt that it contained a reply to the bewildered exclamation from the bereft housewife as to the perversity of the maids who would leave "all the comforts of a home" for factory work. So far as that institution is concerned, the life explains the preference. It satisfies the gregarious instinct of humanity, for there is companionship of those in similar conditions, with similar ambitions. Where there is only one servant in the household, she must often be desperately lonely, for the kindest

mistress is socially aloof and cannot understand the girl's interests and desires. Even where there are several servants there is not the atmosphere of busy importance which is felt in a room where there are many engaged in the same work. There is the constant presence of those who are of the same community and who have the comprehension that comes with the freemasonry of those who work together. There are hours of standing, but the evenings are free and there is a feeling of equality which pervades the factory workroom and leaves the toiler a sense of independence which, whether mistaken or not, is the cry of the continent. It is exacting employment, and there is service to be rendered, but on such a scale that the aspect of personal disappearance.

We may talk as truly as we like of no work being menial and of the dignity of domestic labor, but the average girl shrinks from the adjective "hired," even though it is now seldom heard, and merely implied. When factory conditions are such as I have described, it is quite comprehensible that they should appeal more strongly to the woman in search of employment than does the household where she always feels a stranger. The factory may be a harder life, but it is freer and is regarded in some indefinable way, in this country at least, as more "respectable." I have given the bright side of the life, in an establishment justly regarded as among the best. But there is a darker side, pleasant to contemplate, which, however, may be presented to the future.

The Mean Old Thing!

The "Literary Digest" reprints in translation some remarks by George Pellissier from "La Revenue" on the subject of woman's place in literature and the arts. He says:

"Philosophy, criticism and history are beyond her mental scope, and I know of none who has made a lasting impression in these domains. Philosophy requires a force of abstraction and a power of application rarely possessed by women, the power of reflection being, with them, as one of the greatest of them has admitted, 'rather a happy accident than a peculiar or permanent attribute.' . . . In the domain of criticism woman is too much the slave of first impressions, or preconceived notions. Her personal preferences nevertheless obscure her views and misguide her opinions, while she lacks almost wholly the faculty of weighing her judgments. . . . A proper study or understanding of history is impossible without the philosophic and the critical faculties, and, above all, a disinterested love of truth. Woman colors events according as passion or sentiment sways her. In dramatic art no woman has produced anything of lasting note, the reason being that the dramatist must, perforce, be without egotism and be capable of detaching the ego from the action of the play—a thing impossible in woman. Woman has an inborn aptitude for poetry, and her limitations in this field are less in evidence than in the field of romance. The principal defect she evinces in poetry is a lack of artistic execution. She is incapable of submitting to the laws of artistic metrical execution in composition and in the due sequence of idea and thought, she rarely rises above the mediocre. In the field of romance alone, it would appear, has woman succeeded in making a name. In many a case, it is admitted, she has scored brilliantly. The reason of her success in this domain is to be found in the fact that novel writing is not so exacting in the matter of artistic execution as poetry. Yet much of the success of women novelists is due, not so much to the fact that they are novel writers, as to the fact that they are women."

Why McKinley Was a Mason.

A dinner to the Sovereign Grand and Grand Consistories of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite was given at the Savoy recently.

General Horatio C. King told how President McKinley came to join the order.

"It was during the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley," he said. "McKinley, then a captain, and myself, his ranking officer at that time, were walking through a hospital tent in which were a number of Confederate wounded. The captain seemed surprised to see the surgeon in charge of the ward talking to some of the Confederates as if he had known them all his life. He shook hands with them all, giving here and there small sums of money until his supply was exhausted. McKinley asked the surgeon if he knew the men."

"No," he replied.

"Well, do you ever expect to get the money back?" McKinley asked.

"I presume some of them will return it when they can," said the doctor.

"Why did you give it to them, anyway?"

"They are Masons," said the doctor.

"The reply impressed McKinley so that he immediately joined the lodge at Winchester, made famous by 'Sheridan's Ride.' After the war he took his dim to anton Lodge."—New York "Sun."

What Father Thought.

A New York teacher of instrumental music was one day telling the father of a pupil, a lad of ten years, of the progress made by the boy in his studies. "I think he is improving a great deal," said the professor. "He will certainly learn to play the piano." "Is that so?" asked the father, much gratified. "I didn't know whether he was really improving, or whether I was merely getting used to it."

Suitor—I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand.

Father—Can you play bridge in the style to which she is accustomed?—New York "Sun."

When the ladder isn't down in the world it is up against it.—Chicago Daily "News."

TALES OF THE SLUMS.

MISS EVANGELINE C. Booth, daughter of the founder of the Salvation Army, lately interested a large audience in New York with tales of her life in the slums of London. Dressed in rags—a tartan shawl, a tattered print skirt and broken-heeled shoes laced with string—Miss Booth told how she had gone among the poor to lead their life. The good results of this slum work is best illustrated by some of the stories Miss Booth told. For instance:

"I was sitting one night in my little room, when the door opened and a woman walked in. She sat down by the fire without a word. I let her alone, because I knew she was in trouble. Finally she said: 'They say she died of cancer, but it's a lie! He done it with his fist. He's drunk now. Cos why? Minnit she died he come in an' tuk the clothes off the baby an' put 'em up the spout.'"

The audience forgot all about its being a religious meeting. Somewhere, unseen, a violin was sighing Handel's "Largo." Miss Booth, still acting the ragged rôle of Soho, went on to tell how she put on her shawl and went to the cellar where the mother was dead. She did not dwell upon the morbid side of it, but said she found two children, too little to talk much, curled up together on the damp floor. She took them to the room, where she bathed them, gave them warm milk, and dressed them like little angels in white "nighties."

"Suppose he comes after them?" suggested Miss Booth.

Three days later he came, very drunk and profane. Miss Booth tackled him. He proposed to wring her neck and other things. Miss Booth told him he would not get his babies, but he might see them. She led him upstairs to the room, and showed him the babies—their hair combed out, their faces shining with soap and water, both curled up in bed. The man swore hard for two minutes; then stopped short, burst into tears, and said:

"Is them my kiddies?"

He never drank again.

Miss Booth told another story with which she had nothing to do, having only heard it when it was too late to prevent the tragedy. She said:

"There is nothing accomplished in this world without sacrifice. I need only remind you of Francis of Assisi, Florence Nightingale, and Dr. Livingstone to prove this. But this little fellow, whose name I do not mention because it would make no difference, was greater than them all."

He was a street arab. He met his pal, Jim, under a street lamp one night.

"Jim," he says, pulling a clipping out of his pocket. "Is this on the bonny fidy? Is it on the bloomin' level, Jim? You read it."

"Jim read it—a coupon cut from a periodical which said that if anyone met death with this coupon in his or her pocket and the name of the deceased's nearest relative written in, \$5,000 would be paid to the person so named."

"Next morning the street arab was found with his head crushed. In his pocket was the coupon with the necessary information filled in like this:

Mrs. widow
to Devils ally
the munny to be paid to mrs—
wich is my muhter

"The policeman who found this paper in the boy's pocket cried like a baby and saw to it that the widow mother got what was needed. She was supporting a lot of children on what she made from making match-boxes and sticking on the labels at four cents a gross, paste supplied by herself. The boy had been thinking."

Two Miles a Minute.

Twomilesaminute,
Geehowwefly!
Swiftasameteor
Streakingthesky.

Whattishatblur?
Onlythetrees.
Lookatthemwave;
Mywhatabreeze!

Ahonkandarush,
Aflashandasmell;—
Whattididhehit?
Didsomebodyell?

Ajarandascreeam—
Itlookedlikeahorse.
Notellingnow;
Kepttothecourse.

Outtotheroad!
Givensashow!
Twomilesaminute,
Geehowwego!

—Newark News.

An Electric Despatch System.

Various systems for the rapid transport of mail and small parcels have been devised from time to time, and to exploit one of the latest of these a company has recently been formed in Paris. The method consists of an underground conduit or tunnel about 7x12 feet, with two tracks, one placed above the other so that cars can pass simultaneously in either direction. The cars are about 25 feet in length, and have a square cross-section about 3-4 feet on each side, the ends being pointed. The wheels run on an upper and lower rail, against which side-wheels also press in order to keep the cars on the track, especially on curves. There are triphase-current electric motors with which it is hoped to develop a speed of 150 miles an hour. On such a railway a much greater volume of business could be handled than on any pneumatic system, and the precautions are such that the rapid and safe transportation of goods for considerable distances can be accomplished.

"Cholly—Do you think it would be foolish of me to marry a girl who was my intellectual inferior?"
Dolly—More than foolish—impossible.—Cleveland "Leader."

A Refined Taste

Appreciates

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Gold Label. Of all Grocers at 60c. per lb.
Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.



THE

WOLSEY

Unshrinkable

UNDERWEAR

PURE
WOOL

The best for Canada's climate. Soft, durable, elastic.
Sold by leading stores and Men's Outfitters

A Delightfully Beautiful Instrument is the

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO

(Made by Ve Old Firm of Heintzman & Co., Limited)

It appeals equally strong to those who are most attracted by fine musical qualities as well as those who give most weight to fine construction and finish.

"The tone of the Heintzman & Co. Piano is delightful, the elasticity of action marvellous—every note ringing out in clear, pearly, and limpid quality. It excels any piano I have ever used."—ALBANI.

This Piano is being used exclusively in the present Albani Concert Tour throughout Canada.

Piano Salon:

115-117 King Street West, TORONTO, CAN.

KAY'S

Famous for
Fine Furnishings

KAY'S



Davenport Sofas

THE Davenport above illustrated is typical of an extensive line we carry—big handsome Sofas, built of selected mahogany, upholstered in our own workshops with the best of tempered steel springs and curled horse-hair. Ideally soft and comfortable. Just the kind on which to curl up with a favorite book or stretch out for an afternoon nap.

No. 430.—Davenport Sofa (as per cut), 5 ft. 9 in. long by 2 ft. 6 in. wide; built of choice mahogany. Upholstered in our own workrooms. Price, in green denim, \$115.00

WE HAVE OTHERS AT FROM \$58.00 UPWARDS

John Kay, Son & Co.

LIMITED

36 and 38 KING STREET WEST

HE WHO IS NOT

A GOLD HUNTER'S STORY.

By MARJORIE L. PICKTHALL.

HERE were three men, five ponies, and a nondescript dog with a bushy tail. For days they had been observed of the hawk and the shoulders of the hills, as little spiders might crawl up a man's coat sleeve. Twice or thrice the winds had been minded to brush the toiling insects away, but had thought better of it; they were so very insignificant, these little black specks upon the edges of the snows.

At last the three men and the ponies and the taciturn dog climbed up above the clouds, and came out upon a bare flank of mountain, upon a long slope of soft, crumbled rock, ending in a thirty-foot wide ledge and a clear drop of nearly eight hundred feet. When they reached this place, the men cheered; and the faint thread of sound floated up and above the mountain top, and the wheeling hawks heard, and came sheering beautifully down to see if anything had died.

Evening came on, and a gray wing flung athwart the valleys and the lower hills. The men pitched a little tent upon the ledge, and a fire glowed beneath their coffee-pot. The chasm beneath was filled with wool-white clouds, which became like still waves of opal under the cold moon of the mountains. The men wrapped themselves in blankets and sat about the fire, talking excitedly. They were happy but the little dog was not, the dog was not, and the little owls of the rocks lamented grievously.

"Well, sirs," said Macavoy, the tall, brown man with the black beard, owner of Taya the dog. "Well, sirs, I've brought you here safe. Now you have but to scratch 't the ground, for the whole face o' the hill's riddled w' veins and pockets of gold. I've done my part. So to-morrow, by your leave, Taya and I'll be goin' our ways."

"Stay with us," cordially entreated Dalsworth, artist, journalist, and wanderer to the ends of the earth, "stay with us, and work on shares. When you led us to this place you fairly laid fortune in our hands."

"And was paid for so doin'," answered Macavoy with his slow smile, paid liberally accordin' to our agreement. I'm but the guide. Twice or thrice I feared I was astray. No, I'll not stay, thankin' you none the less. We'll be goin' our ways, me and Taya. Eh, old lass?"

The dog laid her head on the man's knee, and curled her lips back expectantly.

"If you don't mind," said young Urquhart abruptly, "I'll call that dog Monna Lisa. She has the same bony forehead and superior smirk. Oh, I know it's heresy, Dal, but don't you see the likeness? You could esteem Monna Lisa, but you could never love her. Give me a dog, likewise a woman, that you can chuck under the chin."

Macavoy looked from one to the other, a puzzled crease on his weather-beaten forehead. "Taya has wolf blood in her," he ventured; "maybe that's why she's different from others."

"To go back to what we were speaking of when Urquhart cut in," said Dalsworth, "why won't you stay? Oh, our agreement doesn't matter. Chip in with us. When you came away from this place before, you threw aside a fortune. Don't let it go a second time."

"I thank you very kindly," said Macavoy with no hesitation, "but I'll be goin' in a day or so. I mean no offense to you who think different, but to me a shadow and a sorrow would go with this gold. Yes, I've been here before. That's why I'll not stay here now."

"You hinted of spooks before," said Dalsworth with a friendly impatience, "but surely you weren't in earnest? You don't believe in 'em really, do you?" They looked at each other,

the litterateur and the woodsman, the man so civilized and the man so simple. Dalsworth's eyes wavered first, and the scorn died out of them. Urquhart had been sitting with his chin hidden in folds of blanket, meditating whimsically upon Taya, newly christened Monna Lisa. Now he looked up quickly. One of the ponies whickered plaintively. "Is that your pick lying in that little hollow on the hillside?" he asked.

Macavoy's expression did not change, but the lines on his brown face seemed to deepen. "No," he said, "that was not mine. It belonged, I suppose, to one who—who was here before me. Eh! the hollow in the hillside and the rusty pick lyin' in it! 'Tis all that a man's life left behind, sirs, unless—"

Dalsworth's eyes were fixed intently upon Macavoy. Unconsciously he fumbled in his pockets for a pencil. "Go on," he said shortly, "let's have the story."

Macavoy bent his head, and absently fingered Taya's upstanding ears. "I know no story," he said in a low voice; "the story lies in what I do not know, and can but guess at—in all that I shall never know for sure. If Taya here could speak, she'd tell you more than I can. Dogs at times can hear and see more than men, and she's a wolf's eyes and ears. I'd a friend once, a Frenchman, who said that a wolf could hear the very footfalls o' the Angel of Death. You'll mind that, when I told you o' this place, I said there was a shadow over it? I can but tell you what that shadow may be."

"I've thought much on the matter, fitting in fact with fancy, till at length and at last, I've got a story that'll serve. It may be far from the truth. But there's naught left to verify it, save the rusty pick you saw, Mister Urquhart, lyin' in that little hole in the hillside."

"Yes, I've thought so long on it, that at last it's come to me as if I'd seen it all—seen the hill where there was no little hole there, seen him who owns the pick."

"Him?" said Dalsworth, "him? Who? A hermit in the wilderness?"

"The Siwash has a name for him," said Macavoy in a very low voice, "which we can best translate as He-Who-Is-Not."

"He-Who-Is-Not?" asked Dalsworth again with a rising inflection on the words.

"Yes," said Macavoy simply, "for you see, sirs, he's been dead now a matter o' three years, I take it."

"I've thought long on He-Who-Is-Not, so long that I've come to fancy that I saw him when he was, when life, the life o' this world, was in him. I've fancied I've seen him coming over the flank o' Tsalekulhye yonder—ye can see the snows o' her catchin' the moonlight—a young man, foolish, all alone, bearing with him the secret o' this place that was enough to make a hundred men rich. There's no tellin' how he came by the secret. I seem to see him makin' for here in his young, unguarded fashion. Very clear I seem to see him. And less clear, but not to be doubted, I see someone followin' behind him, like a wolf on the trail of a buck. A Siwash, I take it. I seem to see him leave Tsalekulhye to the south, and begin to climb, till there was nothing 'twixt him and the stars at night, nothing but the clean, sweet air; and the pine forests looked like a robe o' dark fur half droppin' from the shoulders o' the hills, far and far below him. He saw the kites and the eagles, the little owls and great hawks, and all the little life o' the high hills. But he didn't see that shadow that trailed him as a wolf trails a wearied buck."

Macavoy's eyes took on a sad, far-seeing look. Taya whined softly, and her yellow luminous eyes were fixed upon her master's. Urquhart shivered a little as the thin, cold air sighed upward from the cloud-hidden abyss.

Macavoy dropped his hands heavily on his knees. "God rest his soul," he said softly, "God rest his soul, as the Irish say, whoever he was. For, O sirs, when he left Tsalekulhye like a bright cloud behind him, and lifted his face to the stars, he was a doomed man! He thought that Fortune stood waitin' him on the top o' the mountains, but when Fortune took her wings from before her face, she looked at him with the eyes o' Death."

Dalsworth drew in his breath sharply, and glanced at the wonderful world of peak and slope, of cloud and infinite sky, which encircled their tiny camp. Night seemed to have settled, a visible, brooding presence, upon the everlasting hills.

"I can see him—him that's called by the Siwashes He-Who-Is-Not—I

can see him, whatever his name may have been, coming upon just this place, as we have after him. Perhaps he greeted w' joy, or maybe he prayed, or maybe he swore. 'Tis all one—now. He began his boy's pickin' and scrapin' among the rocks, and made his untidy camp on this ledge. Haven't ye seen many and more o' such slovenly, pitiful, tenderfoot camps?"

"He scraped and scratched among the rocks, his heart fair burstin' w' joy, maybe, two, three, even four days. Ye can tell by the size o' the hole, though it's part filled up now through the wash o' the weather. And then one night he flung his pick down, maybe, and went and stood on the brink o' this very ledge, lookin' out upon the hills, before he got his supper."

"Perhaps 'twas just such a night as this, with a round moon ridin' clear, and the chasm all one white flat sea o' cloud. Perhaps, as he stood there, stretchin' his stiff arms proudly, a stone caught him between the shoulders—a stone thrown from the hand o' that wolf-shadow that had followed him—and whirled him outwards from the ledge, as the storm whirled a bird from its cliff-nest. I seem to see that black whirling shape rushin' down, down, down—a vast sprawling shadow outspread upon the floor of cloud beneath. I seem to see the shape and its shadow rushin' together, growin' smaller, becomin' one; and no more. For that chasm, sirs, would take the whole tragedy, w' little but a faint stir 't that green fur o' pines, so far below."

Urquhart looked out at the chasm, a pot of silently bubbling pearl beneath the moon, and shuddered. Taya whined again. God rest his soul," said Dalsworth softly.

"But does it rest?" whispered Macavoy. His eyes glittered strangely in the red glow of the fire. "Does it rest?"

"I cannot see that wolf-shadow who followed him, whose hand sent him into eternity, very clear. But I do know that the Siwash got no payment for his crime. He never stayed to take any."

"When I came upon this place nearly three years ago, I found the wreck of a little tent on this very ledge. No, not here, Mister Urquhart, at t' other end where yon big rock slopes down. It was battered by a winter's weather, but by some miracle it stood fast, its contents preserved in order by the snow, ye understand. I read the signs of it. It had had a tenderfoot for owner, by the truck in it. Such truck ye never see, chiefly in bottles. I mind there was chlorodyne, ammoniated quinine, plain ammonia, and whiskey—good whiskey. Aye, I had the bottles to my nose, and besides there were the labels. But they were all empty, and flung about in a muddle o' rotted blanket. Taya had em' to her nose, and growled, readin' more than I. 'Siwash, old lass?' I says to her, and she growls again. Some unclean thing had nested in that tent, drunk all them mixed liquors, and then gone, as if in fright, touchin' no more—not even some bits o' gold in a little brown canvas bag."

"There was that about the matter that weighed upon me so that I sent all the tent and everythin' in it over the rocks there. I'd seen the pick on the hillside, and by this and that I'd read the story plain. We'd lived among cleaner, kinder things, me and Taya, and we'd no mind to meddle w' gold which had that shadow on it. We'll make enough out of it by tellin' other folks," I says to Taya, 'we'll have no finger in this pie, old lass. 'Tis cursed from the beginnin'." But some folks 'd face Old Hornie himself for the sake of a few nuggets. We'll rest here to-night, lass, and to-morrow we'll go our ways." And Taya wagged her tail.

"The mornin' came up clear behind Tsalekulhye, and Taya and I went our ways. We carried the secret o' the gold with us—and more than that, more than that I had heard. Taya, maybe, had both seen and heard, for she looked at me w' her yellow eyes and tried to tell me what she knew. Aye, as the gold had drawn that poor fool, livin', so it drew him, dead."

"He paused, and again one of the restless ponies whickered in the silence. "Do you mean that He-Who-Is-Not 'walks'?" asked Dalsworth at last, bluntly.

Macavoy nodded slowly. "I have not seen, ye understand," he answered, "I only hear. But I know that He-Who-Is-Not finds no rest."

"Poor fool," said Urquhart softly, "poor young fool. You're sorry for him, eh, Monna Lisa?"

The dog looked across the fire to the black slope above where the stars hung in splendor above the last faint crest of snow. Urquhart followed her gaze, huddling deeper into his blanket.

"But—but I don't see—" began Dalsworth argumentatively.

"He paused, and again one of the restless ponies whickered in the silence. "Do you mean that He-Who-Is-Not 'walks'?" asked Dalsworth at last, bluntly.

Macavoy nodded slowly. "I have not seen, ye understand," he answered, "I only hear. But I know that He-Who-Is-Not finds no rest."

"Poor fool," said Urquhart softly, "poor young fool. You're sorry for him, eh, Monna Lisa?"

The dog looked across the fire to the black slope above where the stars hung in splendor above the last faint crest of snow. Urquhart followed her gaze, huddling deeper into his blanket.

"But—but I don't see—" began Dalsworth argumentatively.

"He paused, and again one of the restless ponies whickered in the silence. "Do you mean that He-Who-Is-Not 'walks'?" asked Dalsworth at last, bluntly.

Macavoy nodded slowly. "I have not seen, ye understand," he answered, "I only hear. But I know that He-Who-Is-Not finds no rest."

"Poor fool," said Urquhart softly, "poor young fool. You're sorry for him, eh, Monna Lisa?"

The dog looked across the fire to the black slope above where the stars hung in splendor above the last faint crest of snow. Urquhart followed her gaze, huddling deeper into his blanket.

"But—but I don't see—" began Dalsworth argumentatively.

"He paused, and again one of the restless ponies whickered in the silence. "Do you mean that He-Who-Is-Not 'walks'?" asked Dalsworth at last, bluntly.

Macavoy nodded slowly. "I have not seen, ye understand," he answered, "I only hear. But I know that He-Who-Is-Not finds no rest."

"Poor fool," said Urquhart softly, "poor young fool. You're sorry for him, eh, Monna Lisa?"

The dog looked across the fire to the black slope above where the stars hung in splendor above the last faint crest of snow. Urquhart followed her gaze, huddling deeper into his blanket.

"Then listen," said Macavoy, "listen." Dalsworth listened. An odd expression dawned in his eyes, an expression half-pitiful, half-incredulous, wholly wondering. Softly, he took off his cap, as one takes it off in the presence of the dead.

What was the faint ghost of sound, thin, distant, yet not to be mistaken, that came to his ears? Was it the "think, think" of a miner's pick upon the loose stones?—"Short Stories" for March.

Depths Lead to Heights.

A Washington guide directed the attention of a party of sightseers to a small, gray-haired man, and said affectionately:

"There goes one of the greatest men in the country. That's Chief Justice Fuller."

"Why, he has no stature whatever," whispered one of the ladies.

"Nor weight," hastily rejoined another.

"And I can't understand," observed a man in the group, "how he has managed to attain to so 'great a height.'"

The guide answered him significantly and tersely, "Because of his great depth."

The Professor's Pot.

Not long ago a friend dropped in at the laboratory of a young London professor and found him bending over a spirit lamp, on which a small pot bubbled.

"What is it to-night?" asked the visitor.

"Guess," returned the professor, invitingly.

"Micrococci?"

"No."

"Sonococci?"

"No."

"Spirochaeta?"

"No."

The visitor ran the scale of micro-organisms as far as he knew it, and then said:

"Well, I give up! What is in the pot?"

"Sausages," replied the professor, blandly.—London "Telegraph."

The Young Idea.

A young woman who teaches a class in a Jersey City Sunday-school was recently talking to her pupils relative to the desirability of increasing their membership. When she invited the co-operation to that end of the several members, the youngest nearest her shook his head dubiously.

"I might get one boy in our neighborhood to come," he explained, "but all the others kin lick me."—"Harper's Weekly."

A Pagan Hymn.

I'm weary of strife and sin, God knows, And the gray road beckons home To a Land of Rest where the freed wind blows

Through the heart of the scented gloam.

There would I quaff of the Wine of Sleep And lay me down for a space, And list to the wide sea's tender sweep

With the breath of God in my face

O weary am I of toil and haste, Of spire and storied dome; And I long for the great sea's desert waste,

And the purple hills of home. —"Harper's Weekly."

Very "Neat."

The English "smart set" have got hold of another neat expression. "You must pull your socks up" is the latest form of saying "Never mind," or "Pull yourself together." The other day, at a bridge dinner, it was amusing and a sign of the times to hear a certain youthful eldest son recommend a Dowager Countess of seventy to "pull her socks up."—"Onlooker."

It's Location.

"Yes," said Subbubs, "my house is quite close to the railroad."

"If I go out that way in the train, how can I identify your house when I see it?" asked Citiman.

"Why—er—you can only identify it when you don't see it. It's right back of the Pillman's Pink Pellets advertising sign."—Philadelphia "Press."

Magistrate—Have I not seen you twice under the influence of liquor? Prisoner—Well, judge, if you was under its influence maybe you did see me twice.

SLEEP DESTROYER

The Old Fashioned Coffee.

She suffered from nervousness by day and sleeplessness by night.

"Up to three years ago," writes a young woman, "I was in the habit of drinking coffee freely and did not realize that it was injuring my health till I was suddenly made the victim of nervous headaches so violent that I was compelled to give up household activities and stay in bed much of the time. Then insomnia came upon me and the wretchedness of sleepless nights was added to the agony of painful days.

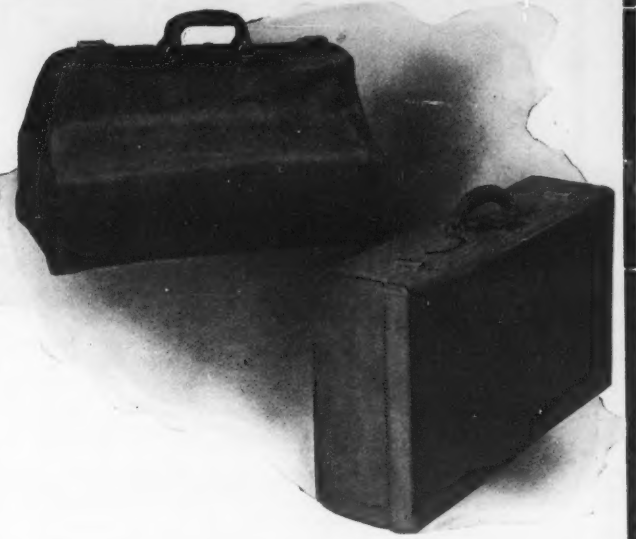
"This lasted till a year ago, when I was persuaded by a friend to give up coffee entirely and use Postum Food Coffee. The result was, in less than a week I began to feel the change for the better, my nerves grew stronger and I began to sleep a little. Day by day the improvement continued and in a short time, I was restored to health. My headaches left me, the nervousness passed away entirely, and I enjoyed good, sound sleep every night.

"This is what I owe to Postum, and I feel it but right to tell you of it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited.



QUITE a number of people are leaving the city for this windy month of March. If you intend going away even for a few days you will do well to inspect our select line of leather goods. The set we here illustrate is particularly fine, the suit case being beautifully finished in a fine quality of Russet Leather with Handkerchief, Cuff and Tie Pocket. The Club Bag is the very latest style and made to match the Suit Case.

Our special price

Suit Case \$22.50 Bag \$20.00
The Set \$42.00

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited. Toronto

Corticelli Skirt Protector
Sewed on flat—not turned over—will last as long as any skirt.

Old Furniture

Years spent in wandering and gathering amongst the Old Country mansions and farm-houses of England and the Continent have brought together a unique collection of genuine Sheraton, Chippendale and Old French Furniture, Sheffield Plate, Old Brasses, Bronzes, Cut Glass, Old Silver, etc.

B.M. & T. Jenkins

422-424 Yonge St.,
Toronto.

Montreal.

London, Eng.

SEARCH FAR AND WIDE

You'll always find that most of the well dressed men here in town, have their names on our valet list. We invite you to join them.

Fountain, "My Valet" Cleaner and Repairer of Clothes
30-32 Adelaide Street West. Telephone M. 3074



Tooth Powder

No acid—no grit—no waste—no spilling—no scratched enamel—no tarnished gold work.

A REWARD

Fine, strong, healthy teeth and gums and a pure breath are the reward of Sozodont.

Sozodont

THREE FORMS
LIQUID, POWDER AND PASTE



A FIRST NIGHT.

Indignant Playwright (to leading actor, behind the scenes)—Confound it, man, you've absolutely murdered the piece!
Leading Actor—Pardon me, but I think the foul play is yours!
—"Punch."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a sixteen-page, illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people. OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone (Connects with all departments) Main 1709

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United States, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$3.00
Six Months.....	1.00
Three Months.....	.50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

Vol. 19. TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 17, 1906. No. 13

Points About People.

Stanley McKeown Brown, who went with the first Canadian contingent to the South African War as correspondent for the *Mail and Empire*, of this city, is now a prominent member of the staff of the *London Daily Mail*. The story goes that Mr. Brown, by a stroke of enterprise, made his position secure with the *Harmsworth* newspaper in London. He happened to learn that some of the delegates to the Portsmouth Peace Conference were on a steamer, and, hiring a tug on his own responsibility, he put off and secured a capital interview, "hit" has given him an excellent and enviable footing in his calling.



A farmer came into one of the city banks the other day, and remarked that he was thinking of selling off his farm stock. "Have you the North-West fever?" queried the manager. "Oh, no," the man replied, "Canada is good enough for me."

There is in Toronto a lawyer with a notable fondness for arguing technical points. They are choice morsels to him, and he loves to dig up the musty old tomes of legal record and precedent on the shelves of the Osgoode Hall library, and to quote them before the judges. He is at times a decided thorn in the flesh of the judges, and they keenly relish a joke on him. Not long ago he was arguing a case before the Court of Appeal. The table before him was literally loaded with books, legal authorities that he intended to refer to, when he began his argument. "My Lords, the law of England is no mystery," was his opening sentence. Then he began a hurried search for some authority among his great stack of books. The learned judges took a look at the great array of authorities on the table and saw fit to break into open laughter.

Nicholas Flood Davin had just astonished Parliament with a speech as remarkable for its literary merit as for its erratic viewpoint. Sir John Macdonald had several members of the Cabinet in his office, and they were discussing the speech and the maker of it. "If Davin had just had another grain of common-sense," remarked Sir John, and here he paused, the others waiting expectantly to hear him say how great a man Davin would have been, but instead he concluded with the words, "he'd never have been heard of."

A Toronto professor, who has a certain condescension in his conversation with the illogical sex, said in speaking to two women friends: "How is it that it is impossible to talk in abstract terms with a woman? She invariably makes a personal matter of any statement or process of reasoning." The first woman looked annoyed, but the second broke in with the denial: "Well, I don't." She is wondering to this day why the first woman and the professor laughed long at her protest.

A novel celebration of St. Patrick's Day took place a few years ago in a small town not far from Toronto. A few evenings before the day when the shamrock is worn there was a little gathering of the people who constituted the society of the place at the home of a leading citizen, who was a patriotic Irishman. Someone laughingly suggested that all those present should form a procession on St. Patrick's Day. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said the host, "none of you but myself are Irish, and if you'll parade down Main street on the morning of the 17th with colors flying, each of you can come into my store and take any hat in the place. We'll make it a wager." One staid old gentleman agreed to organize the parade if the others would fall in, and the party broke up with many jokes regarding the promised spectacle. The merchant did not for a moment expect that his friends would carry out the terms of the wager, but to his astonishment about ten o'clock on St. Patrick's morning

along they came down the front street, marching gaily in single file. The staid old gentleman led with a staff decked out with green ribbons. His wife and other ladies were also in the procession. Then followed several leading professional men with tin whistles and toy drums. The street quickly filled with admiring citizens, and the success of the parade was complete until it reached the office of a certain gentleman who did not approve of anything in the way of burlesque. Seeing his wife marching against his expressed wish in the matter, he rushed out and dragged her, drum and all, off the street. This unexpected incident came near disrupting the parade, but it rallied, made the prescribed route, and then appeared in a body to claim the hats. The Irish merchant was delighted and saw that they received the best. He also sent a handsome piece of millinery to the lady who had been summarily snatched from the ranks. Her husband has lived to regret his hasty action, for it is said that to this day the lady reminds him constantly of his violent and unwarrantable conduct by telling him that, indeed, if it hadn't been for that beautiful St. Patrick's Day hat she would have been bareheaded long ago.

Many amusing stories are told based on slips of the tongue. It is the custom to attribute most of such slips to clergymen. It is generally to give effect to the story, however, that this is done. Not long ago a rather fussy gentleman, who was delegated to look after the comfort of those who attended a certain meeting for ladies in one of the smaller halls in Toronto, arrived a little late and found that quite a crowd had collected about the door, while the ushers were not exerting themselves to perform their duties. "Dear me," he exclaimed hastily and irascibly, "sew the ladies into their sheets! Sew the ladies into their sheets!" The ushers "got busy" at once and seated the ladies before they had time to ask for an explanation.

During one of the hot contests for the North Simcoe seat in the House of Commons between the late D'Alton McCarthy and H. H. Cook, both candidates were making a strong personal canvass. One afternoon Mr. Cook went to call on a crusty old farmer, whose vote and those of his two sons generally went in the direction that the wind happened to blow during the last days of the campaign. There was no one at the house, but behind the barn he came across a daughter feeding a calf. She informed Mr. Cook that her father was on the back lot cutting wood, but as she seemed to be having trouble with the calf, the sturdy old lumberman stayed for a while to help her. In the meantime Mr. McCarthy also arrived, and in his turn started looking for the owner of the place. It was his wife, however, whom he found, milking a cow. The animal was restive, so he took her by the horns while he sought information as to the farmer's whereabouts. He started to chat facetiously. "It isn't every day," said he, "that you have a member of Parliament holding your cow for you." "Oh," she returned nonchalantly, "we're getting kinder used to that sort of thing. Mr. Cook's out behind the barn holding the calf." The late Justice Lount, who was stumping the riding for Mr. Cook, told this story on the platform at the expense of both candidates, thereby adding to the gaiety of the campaign.

On one of the visits of the American fleet to English waters, Admiral Erben, now retired, was in command, with Captain Alfred T. Mahan, the writer on naval affairs, as his flag captain. One morning Captain Mahan came to his admiral with an invitation to dine with a duke which he had received. "I can't accept this," said Captain Mahan, "as they forgot to invite you." "I should say you couldn't," growled the admiral; "I'll answer for you." Whereupon the admiral wrote: "Admiral Erben, United States Navy, regrets that Captain Mahan, his flag captain, can not accept the invitation of the Duke of Blank. Captain Mahan is on the sick-list." An hour or so later a messenger from the duke returned with invitations for the admiral and the captain. Whereupon the admiral wrote again: "Admiral Erben accepts with pleasure the invitation for Captain Mahan and himself. He wishes also to advise the Duke of Blank that he has taken Captain Mahan off the sick-list."

A curious court story has been going the rounds about a lovely foreigner, one of whose verbal slips gave King Edward occasion for a hearty laugh. A very lively personage with a delightful accent, she made such a favorable impression upon the King that he asked her to be his partner at bridge. "But, sir," she said, "I really don't know how to play." The King would take no denial, however, and she became rather embarrassed. "I assure you, sir," she said, "I could not think of playing. I don't know the difference between a king and a knave." There was an awkward silence, and then she realized what she had said and was covered with confusion. The King, of course, laughed it off, and now tells the story with gusto as one of his choice collection.—*Tatler*.

When George Ade stopped in London on his way to Egypt the English newspaper reporters harried him out and interviewed him. One of them wrote that "Mr. Ade speaks English without the assistance of an interpreter, and in casual conversation, as a *Daily Mail* representative was surprised to find, uses no slang at all, neither English nor American." By way of explaining the "awful effect," as he expressed it, his *Fables* had had upon Mr. Andrew Lang, George said to the reporters, "I had referred to a restaurant in the Italian quarter of New York as a 'spaghetti joint,' and Mr. Lang, in his kindly way, was sorry for me, as he pointed out that spaghetti, being well known to every one with the slightest acquaintance with modern languages as a plastic vegetable product, could not be described as a 'joint.'"

Now that the vogue of Prince Nicholas of Washington is about over we may expect to hear once more of the doings of Czar Nicholas of St. Petersburg.

Chinchillas have been so much in request for furs during the past few years that the species is in danger of extinction in Chili and Bolivar.



DUSTIN FARNUM
as The Virginian.

THE CEREMONY OF SELAMLIK

The American Legation begs to advise that His Imperial Majesty the Sultan has graciously granted the desired permission for you to assist at the Ceremony of Selamlik to-day.

The Ceremony takes place at noon, but in order to view the assemblage of troops, etc., you should start about eleven o'clock. Please present your visiting card to the Aide de Camp in attendance at the entrance to the terrace of Yildiz Palace.

ABDUL HAMID GOES TO CHURCH—A CANADIAN GIRL AT YILDIZ PALACE.

GETTING ourselves arrayed, not like Solomon, but in a summer tourist's little best, we ordered a carriage and assumed for the occasion a lordly air, for were we not to assist at a Court ceremonial, to be somewhat on a par with the Sultan himself?

I am sure our eyebrows went up half an inch and our heads were tilted like those of the aristocracy! We had to drive three miles to Yildiz Palace, where the poor Sultan spends his time in playing hide-and-seek with Fate; never knowing but that some fine morning his head may be missing, or his body serenely sleeping in the shallows of the Bosphorus. This is why he has given up going to Santa Sophia in Stambul for the Selamlik (as his forefathers did), and contents himself with a little mosque in his private grounds.

We enjoyed the drive that bright May morning, the air being balmy, the birds in full voice and the foliage in the different gardens being of entrancing shades of green. The road wound gracefully up and down dale, and gave us from time to time some unexpected and delightful glimpses of the Bosphorus. On the way we passed numbers of soldiers, getting themselves and horses ready to take part in the Selamlik, which is a military as well as a religious ceremony.

At last we ascended slowly the final hill—the highest in Constantinople—on which is picturesquely perched Yildiz Palace. A broad, well-built road leads straight from the court of the mosque to the arched gateway where His Imperial Highness first appears to the gaze of ordinary mortals. Half way up the hill to the left is the entrance to the terrace. Here stands the aide-de-camp, who receives our visiting cards, announces our names, and has them written in a book. Who knows but that selfsame book may be filed among the archives of Turkey, and who knows but that we may be called on by name some day, to bear witness to something and lose our heads abruptly by not remembering the right thing! Such things have happened!

Being early we got splendid positions on the terrace, with a fine view both up and down the road, for we did not wish to lose one inch of the Imperial presence from the moment it loomed on the horizon until it was finally extinguished behind that imposing gateway.

About a dozen men on foot now came driving funny little square carts up the hill like mad. They stopped abruptly at regular intervals and began shovelling loose sand from the carts all over the road the Sultan was to travel. Then, in a twinkling, men, mules and carts were whisked off as in the *Arabian Nights*, and their places were taken by boys with hose. These watered carefully every grain of the aforesaid sand for fear the Imperial horses might slip and endanger one sacred life. These final little precautions made me realize how thoroughly the Sultan is considered the head of the Church as well as of the State. One felt that even those laborers considered the Sultan's body holy!

The troops now began marching up the hill in such numbers that they soon formed a solid military hedge on each side of the royal highway. There were about ten different bands, some of which played as the soldiers marched, but to my disappointment they played European and not Oriental music. I had fondly hoped that we should be treated to that delightfully blood-curdling and nerve-scraping music so associated with the East, and of which I had dreamed from a child. Another sinister d illusion! The *Bashi-Bazouks* were our favorites of all the soldiers, because of their graceful green turbans, their mysterious dark countenances and their stalwart, sinewy frames. They carried green banners, with the inevitable star and crescent on them in white, while the other companies carried red. From our elevated perch we could scan the whole hillside and watch with interest the

massing of the cavalry at the foot. Nearly all of the horses were white and there were about five thousand.

Several carriages now passed from a side entrance, containing each a little boy prince in pretty uniform. Each was attended by a tutor-priest—a picturesque figure in white turban and long black robe. How sorry one feels for these poor little princes, they look so bored and hopeless, with nothing boyish or mischievous about them! I am afraid these never have the luxury of a boxing bout with a comrade of their own age from whom they might receive a manly bruise, and be proud of it.

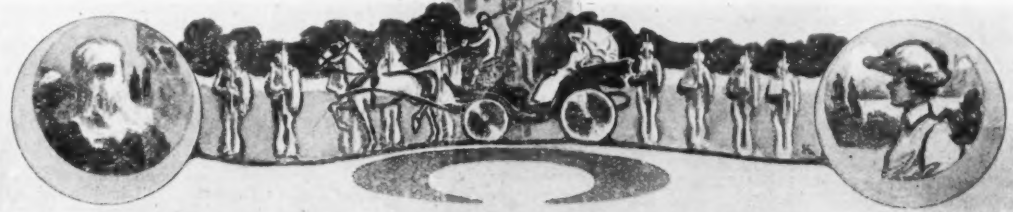
Our gaze now returned to the principal gateway, because two closed carriages appeared there and slowly descended the hill. They were black, ornamented with gold, and they contained the precious ladies of the harem. As we caught never a glimpse of a nose, nor the glimmer of an eye, I cannot describe them minutely, but we will hope that they are more beautiful than the other Turkish women we have seen. As Friday is the Turkish Sunday, and as the Selamlik is a weekly affair, I suppose the harem ladies take turns in attending it. One can scarcely imagine that the religious instinct is sufficiently developed and cultivated in any of them to render the service a matter of enjoyment to them, bundled up as they are and unable to take any active part.

We now heard a weird, wild chant, sounding through space, and were at a loss how to account for it, when some one near us whispered to his neighbor: "That is the Muezzin calling the faithful to prayers!" We looked up at the minaret then, and saw a small black figure with white turban, standing within the railing half way up the minaret, but seeming entirely too tiny to make half that wailing noise. These are the words he sang: "God is great! I bear witness there is no god but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God. Come hither to prayers. Come hither to salvation. God is great. There is no god but God!" There is something very beautiful and inspiring in this voice, far above the multitude, reminding people of the presence and power of God, and pleading with them to leave their sordid thoughts and daily cares, and come up in spirit to commune with Him!

The hands had stopped playing before the Muezzin called, and the soldiers were at "attention" when the blast blew announcing the Imperial approach. The guards on the terrace requested the ladies to lower their parasols, and the gentlemen to remove their hats, and we all straightened up and prepared to be dazzled by royalty. Several officers in brilliant uniforms, and on snow-white horses, rode in front of the black and gold coach in which was seated a King in three continents.

We could not feel dazzled by that small, homely, middle-aged man, Abdul Hamid II., dressed plainly in dark uniform with a simple red fez such as hundreds of ordinary soldiers wear. We could not feel dazzled, but we felt sympathetically sorry for him as we realized the awful loneliness and smallness of his life after all. He looked pitifully helpless and unmajestic for all his wealth and power, and one saw the deadly terror in which his life is passed, only too plainly reflected in his face and attitude. One can understand his life of dread when one remembers that the crown does not descend from father to son, but to the eldest male member of the royal family. There are now twelve of the "several" half-brothers always lying in wait, as it were, for their sovereign's spiritual depature.

Oswan Ghazi, the hero of Plevna, and the only intimate friend of the Sultan, sat on the front seat. Just as the Sultan enters the mosque the Muezzin always calls down to him, "Remember there is One greater than thou!" This must be a solemn reminder to the Sultan, moving amidst pomp, yet always conscious of his peril.



Picture Post Cards

YOU have had them sent to you, of course. If you are not popular enough to have received many of these unique "reminders" do not tell anyone. There is an excuse for you if you have not started a collection, because your taste as a collector may run in some other direction; but to say that you have not been sent your full share of picture post-cards is to admit yourself to be a very insignificant person.

A writer in the *London Sketch* makes this reference to the good people who send one charming picture post-cards from all parts of the world and forget to write their names on them: "I have a very faithful memory, but it fails me on two points; I cannot remember names and I cannot remember handwriting. Faces, of course, we all remember. Somebody flashes past you in the Strand. You catch an impression of the face, a look in the eyes, a turn of the chin. The chance meeting probably recalls some phase of your life that has long since been forgotten. You wonder, as you avoid the next fourteen collisions, when and where you knew the scoundrel. It is just the same with handwriting—at any rate, it is just the same with me. I remember the thin sweep of the long stroke in the 'K'; the general look of the stuff is more or less familiar. But, if my dinner depends on it, I could not tell you the name of my correspondent. As I write, for example, there lies before me a charming picture of the Seine. Save the address, there is not a scrap of writing on the post-card. Who sent it? I don't know. But this I know, that when the waiter returns to London, and meets me in the club, and shakes me by the hand, and asks me how I have been all this long time, I shall fail to identify him with the sender of the post-card. He may or may not be cross. I think he will be. His handwriting looks like that. Another enemy!"

I shall be glad when the picture post-card craze dies out, because it gives everyone who happens to know you a chance to send you a caricature of yourself whenever he chooses. It is only another instance of modern inconsistency that after voting it foolish to send anonymous missives of love and ridicule on St. Valentine's Day we take up the picture post-card craze and thus enable our

friends and our enemies to send us valentines all year round.

The trouble is that not only do your friends send you anonymous picture post-cards, but your enemies, or at least your acquaintances who delight in constantly drawing your attention to your mannerisms and peculiarities, take a hand at it too. Why, just the other day I received a post-card having on it a picture of a man with a bald spot on his head. On the card was merely the line, "I told you it"—the spot—"was growing." At once I realized the meaning of the base insinuation—for it is only an insinuation. My hair is very thick, with the exception of a tiny spot on the crown, yet several of my friends insist on telling me about once a week that the spot is growing larger, and that my hair is getting alarmingly thin in the region thereabouts, and that undoubtedly I will soon be quite bald. Now I have explained that little thin spot until I am tired of doing so. I am sure that I have entered fully into the circumstances of the case with nearly everyone who knows me, carefully relating how once in the gay and thoughtless days of my youth I was playing baseball and as I was sprawling on the ground, waiting for my turn to go to bat, one of my companions, a ruffianly little beggar, jumped over my head and hit the top of it with his hobnailed shoe. So, as I am constantly pointing out, the little bald spot has been there for years and really isn't a bald spot at all. But how am I to know whether I have made this explanation to the sender of the picture post-card when I don't know who the sender is? It may be some one who for worlds I would not have regard me as an incipient baldhead. You see the unending chain of complications that may arise from the sending of one of these cards.

I have had mementos of bygone days, reminders of future engagements, warnings, advice, innuendoes, pleasantries and unpleasanties of all sorts brought to me in this picturesque guise by the postman. The craze will die in due time, however. What we have most to fear is that it will be replaced by something that will cause us even more anxious speculation.

HAL.

We offer for the consideration of the thoughtful the suggestion that Mr. Owen Seaman, the new editor of *Punch*, is the best writer of light verse now in commission. In weighing this suggestion there should be considered the steadiness of Mr. Seaman's gait, and the exceptionally even quality of his performance. There may be better sprinters than he in the light verse field, but who is there that can go round the course more times in a better fashion in a given twelvemonth?—*Life*.

NATURAL LAXATIVE
MINERAL WATER

Hunyadi János

FOR
CONSTIPATION

Nature's own inimitable remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Disordered Digestion. Just as Nature creates it and intends it should be taken. It cures in a natural, easy, certain way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a small bottle—and drink half a glass on arising.

Windsor SALT

is always the same,
whether you buy a 5c.
sack or a carload.

There is only one
grade of Windsor Table
Salt—the best—and all
of it measures up to the
same standard of quality.

OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

ROBT. B. HENDERSON,
48 Canada Life Bldg.
Kings St. West

HERBERT C. JACUITE,
Confederation Life Bldg.

J. S. BACK,
704 Temple Bldg.

MRS. ADALYN K. PIGOTT,
152 Bloor St. East.

GEORGE W. A. COOK,
169 College Street.

WE CAN
SAVE YOU
25% TO 75%
ON
TYPEWRITERS
RENT

a Machine for one and we will
teach you how to operate it. Rentals
from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per month, ac-
cording to make of machine.

TYPEWRITERS SOLD
ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS.
THE DOMINION TYPEWRITER
EXCHANGE
Dominion Building, 72 Victoria Street
TORONTO, CANADA

Brushing Up for Spring

Clothing sent to these works to be
cleaned or dyed takes on the fresh-
ness of a new season.

R. PARKER & CO.
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.
301 and 371 Yonge St., 59 King St. West, 471
and 1344 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.

Caste.

"It requires a vast deal of courage and charity to be philanthropic," remarked Sir Thomas Lipton, apropos of Andrew Carnegie's benefactions.

"I remember when I was just starting in business, I was very poor and making every sacrifice to enlarge my little shop. My only assistant was a boy of fourteen, faithful and willing and honest. One day I heard him complaining, and with justice, that his clothes were so shabby that he was ashamed to go to chapel.

"There's no chance of my getting a new suit this year," he told me; "Dad's out of work, and it takes all of my wages to pay the rent."

"I thought the matter over, and then took a sovereign from my carefully hoarded savings and bought the boy a stout, warm suit of blue cloth. He was so grateful that I felt repaid for my sacrifice. But the next day he didn't come to work. I met his mother on the street and asked her the reason. 'Why, Mr. Lipton,' she said, curtseying, 'Jimmie looks so respectable, thanks to you, sir, that I thought I would send him around town to-day to see if he couldn't get a better job.'"

Just a Model.

A certain Leavenworth man came down to his office the other day, grinning all over his face, says Albert T. Reid. All morning long he hummed and whistled, till his partner asked him what he'd had.

"My wife told me this morning that I am a model husband," he answered proudly.

"I don't call that much of a compliment," said the other.

"I'd like to know why not?"

"Well, you just look that word 'model' up in the dictionary," was the advice.

To the dictionary he went, and this is what he read: "Model—a small pattern; a miniature of something on a larger scale."—Kansas City "Journal."

Correspondence Column

The above Column must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Gretchen—You may know what I think of back hand, but though your study leans that way, it shows some admirable traits. You are orderly, lucid, careful, systematic and bright mentally. The tendency is toward idealism and pessimism; no inspiration sufficient to notice is in your lines. System, correctness, formality and probity are shown—but not a saving touch of interest to me. Practical, loquacious, open and trustful are you—but really, back hand has not much force, however the writer may be endowed. Almost as well read character by one's gait in walking backwards. September 27, brings you under Libra, the scales, a sign peculiarly souffrant under your writing.

Leonore—You are a decided pessimist, given to gloomy introspection, unrelieved by inspiration, and you wonder how my studies like being told of those little traits they possess, but aren't proud of? Well, here goes for your illumination. Let me know how you like it, anyway! Your mind seems to work on an easy pivot, this way and that, without result in achievement. Your suggestion that it might do us good to change places with another and see how we found ourselves from their standpoint is about the wildest impossibility I've encountered. You wouldn't be you then; just think it over! As to paying attention to outside criticism, my only aim in conduct is to dodge it. A lot of idle minds setting up to find fault with others are only less abominable and impertinent than if they agreed to praise and flatter only. The other ones are easily blinded, good Leonore, and when they realize how little one heeds them they don't waste powder and shot on one any more. Your lines are full of crude impulse, strong, but uncured and misdirected; you are not very amenable, and while sometimes dominant often too careless of responsibility. An absolutely uncultured study, but full of suggestion and liable to either make or break the writer. The stuff is there, in the rough—who will refine it and stamp it with royal value?

Otto—They are certainly original, and your information is all-sufficient. April 30th brings you under Taurus, an earth sign, which you haven't very well developed. You lack the faintest concentration, and have a sad deficiency in continuity of thought. There is tendency to discouragement and some tenacity indicated. The study baffles me—so what can I do but give it up?

Roddy—If you enquire from Mrs. Dignam, President Woman's Art Association, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, she will put you in the way of the article you require. I have not a Montreal address, but Toronto is nearer, and you can, I know, get what you want through Mrs. Dignam.

Forget-Me-Not—And in the face of that suggestive name, you forgot to enclose a coupon! Read Rule 4.

Hope—Sensible girl. To live aright means all that the best of us can achieve. It means more than most of us could comprehend. Your nom de plume does not quite fit in with your lines, which lack strong and vital buoyancy, though they have pleasant, gracious and artistic quality. You are not a born ruler nor do you desire to lead. I fancy that you are more likely to listen to the opinions of others than to confess your own, discretion being one of your valuable traits. November 19th brings you under Scorpio, the second water sign, and its children are courteous, affable, often silent, with tactful and choice expression and a helpful and tender nature. Minding their own business is one of their strong points. You should be fond of outdoor pursuits, sports and travel, particularly ocean voyages. Dignity and superiority and a calm judgment are the dower of Scorpio folk. You show fair amount of each.

Venus—A fit of absent-mindedness seems to have seized several of you this week. Please read Rule 4 and comply if you expect a delineation. The opinion of Toronto, voiced by a goddess is very soothing, and I am glad you amused yourself well while here.

Grape-Nuts—Just as soon as I have a half hour to spare I will copy and send you the two Kipling poems. In the meantime, patience, my friend!

Quip—Any information regarding the Dickens Fellowship may be had from the secretary-treasurer, 214 Gerard street east, Toronto. The membership is now 150, in the Toronto branch, and an effort is now being

made to increase it, as it is said the New York branch is likely to take the lead from Toronto. If you are a patriot as well as a Dickens fiend, you had better join this branch, and recommend your friends to do the same. Also you might subscribe for the "Dickensian," a cute little English monthly devoted to Dickens lore and discussion. No trouble at all to answer your questions.

Annette—The whole thing occurred exactly as recorded. It is amusing how lightly the ignorant person accords the accomplishment of lying to the journalist. There is no profession more ill understood or more recklessly misrepresented. Motives, more or less venal, all sorts of small and contemptible possibilities and an elasticity of conscience that would land some folks in the police court are cheerfully accepted as part of the journalistic stock-in-trade. Even the much-maligned theater, with its grosser failings, wouldn't be in it with the journalistic profession, were it not for the chance the latter has of hitting back. It is the commonest thing to be told, "Of course that's not really so," by the reader of a paragraph written with absolute truth; in fact, that's precisely the tone of your letter, my friend.

R. C. L.—March 30th brings you under Aries, a fire sign, called the "sign of sacrifice." You have force and initiative, and the uprising impulse of the properly developed fire child. Intuition is strong and perception bright and keen. I fancy you might be a warm partizan, blind to the faults of those you love and admire. You would not lightly succumb before sentimental pressure, nor would you docilely accept direction or correction in ordinary affairs. Beauty, order and harmony should always surround you, and you should have plenty of breadth and scope to work and develop in. A touch of tenacity is a good sign, as Aries folk are often capricious, and so mar their advancement. Do not overrate your executive ability and undertake too much; the Aries tendency is to sacrifice health, usefulness and inspiration in over effort. You need to go your own way, but always remember not to overdo it. Your writing is eloquent, but neither your nor my character is formed so long as life holds another experience. We are perpetually changing, modifying and adding to character.

R. C. R.—Your letter was capital together, but your lines are somewhat uncertain, either through lack of culture or experience; they give the impression of youth. You are adaptable, practical, very lucid in thought and expression, businesslike in method, and observant to a marked degree. July 29th brings you under Leo, a fire sign, ruling from July 22nd to August 22nd. You have the true impulse upward of your element, and in time should succeed, if you avoid the weakness and faults of the lordly Leo. The lower type of Leo people have the following faults. They are hot-headed, passionate, impetuous, fiery, inconstant and sometimes unreliable both in word and action. The sun governs Leo, the solar influence engendering passion and impetuosity. Cool and passive contemplation and silence are the road to victory over such traits. Leo people are capable of the grandest development.

The 3 B's—The only thing is to find out, if possible, why the "promises of good behavior are broken as easily as made." If that refers to temperance, the will has been so weakened by liquor that only long and persistent abstinence will give it time to recuperate. If it refers to continence, a thorough spiritualizing is necessary, gained by thoughts of purity and earnest mental effort to abhor lewdness for the filthy thing it is. A real anxiety to drop a besetting sin, with wise assurance that it can be done finally if one looks at it with proper conception of one's own dominance, and a strong appeal to spiritual forces under whatever name one designates them, should result in emancipation. The main thing is to be absolutely honest, and absolutely sure that these sins are simply here to be conquered, inch by inch, until one feels one's mastery. August 6th brings you under Leo, and you may see something for you in answer to R. C. R. Your writing is excellent, and full of quality; a general, easy persistence and gentle undercurrent of self-will making you a much stronger character than some of your friends may believe. There is a good deal of sympathy in your lines, and great taste and discrimination. You are discreet and careful, a beautiful worker and wise planner. The character is finely balanced. You may be interested in knowing that the true nature of the higher individuality of Leo is law and order, traits very plain in your study. I think I should like to hear from you soon again.

L. L. P. B.—Yesterday was your birthday, so I am too late to wish you many happy returns. May the year be a good one! He who runs may read my face, good friend. 'Tis an open book. I must say it makes one feel a bit restive to be told some mysterious "it" has been "trying to discover something of the personality lying behind" one's everyday mug. You just drop it, please, for study you never so persistently, you'll find nothing. You made me feel like the Frenchman, in Keelcy's play, who complained that Keelcy had kicked him "behind his face." There is no place like Toronto, say you? Well, one is enough, don't you think? I should hate to see another. Your letter reads a bit morbid, don't you know, mysterious exile, future regrets, all that makes life worth living. Just fancy having that in Toronto! La, la, as a certain patronizing dame said when one raptured over the Mendelssohn Choir, "You ought to travel." March 11th brings you under Pisces, the fishes, a water sign, the last of the zodiacal year. Pisces people have a deep love nature, and are generous, honest and clean-minded, fond of responsibility and of beauty, both in art and nature. They readily take on business training, are sometimes easily discouraged. The worst faults are worry, carelessness, uncertainty and obstinacy. Pisces people

are peculiarly sensitive to injustice and faultfinding, and are often rendered stupid and absurd by their sensitiveness. They are often overloquacious and ask tiresome and futile questions. A curious development sometimes shows disloyalty to self, not doing justice to their own good qualities. Here is a charm against Pisces faults: "I can and I will." This is a lovable and lovely sign when well developed.

Garcia—The King of Spain and Princess Ena of Battenburg should make a happy union of it. The Battenburgs have amenable matrimonial traits, as history has proved. Princess Ena is much influenced by the ex-Empress Eugenie, who at one time was "slated" by gossip as the mother-in-law of Princess Ena's mother, Queen Victoria's youngest, who was said to be in love with the son of Eugenie. There is a good deal of management and sometimes not much love about royal marriages, though the newspapers are sure to chortle over each as a "real love match." Anything less likely to appeal to the ordinary English girl than a man of the King of Spain's make-up, I cannot imagine, but Princess Ena isn't really an English girl—half German.

LADY GAY'S

VERY now and then I hear of a lady who has had her fortune told, and I wonder anew at the credulity of my charming sex. Women of

worth and prominence have gone secretly into common streets, doubtful looking houses and unmistakable "salons," and sat listening to the glib or hesitating pronouncements of a more or less humbugging clairvoyant. They do not often tell anyone what she says, but when, once in a blue moon, she hits on a soi-disant prophecy, it is no sooner fulfilled than a rush of business sets in for the prophetess. The birds of the air (those d—sparrows, as the naughty little girl called them) seem to spread abroad the matter. At all events the butterflies hear of it, and secure a séance on their own account without delay. There are women and girls in this city who never take a journey, purchase a costly gown or jewel, or undertake any new enterprise without a preliminary interview with their favorite secess. The other day I happened to be taking a quiet cup of tea with three or four friends, when one of them said, in a tone of suppressed excitement, "Do you know, I am expecting a token of affection, which I have been told will be sent me within twenty-four hours." Of course, everyone laughed in derision, but she continued: "Well, I can only tell you what she said." And "she" turned out to be a palmist-astrologer with the gift of crystal-gazing, and selling fortunes by cards. The lady had been told of her by her maid, had gone alone and privately to her rooms, had had wonderful revelations of her past, glorious promises of her future, and to finish up, had been informed of the coming "token of affection." Before the tea-party broke up, the servant brought in a small box on a salver. Everyone dropped cups and conversation to watch it being opened. It contained violets, neither card nor word, just a bunch of violets. The recipient smelled them, pulled them apart, twisted and turned them, then said suddenly, "You see, she said I should receive them to-day." She seemed perfectly convinced that they were the token of affection, and so did two of her guests. They took the crystal-gazing wizard's address. They, also, by this time have had their fortunes told, and the small investment of one dollar for violets made by the wizard (just half of the fee paid by their recipient for her fortune) has probably by this time been supplemented by four dollars at least from her two friends. One dollar for five, not bad business, and so transparent a plant! The maid easily pumped as to certain events or peculiarities of her mistress, perhaps even fed to complete the scheme; the secess, clever and observant, with just enough vague knowledge to strike home now and then, and enough experience of human nature to work upon the lady's vanity and imagination. Now and then one hears some dissatisfaction with the fortune-teller. "She didn't tell me much—she's not much good," said a pretty girl to me in the tram one day lately, when I met her coming from a séance. But they go to her, and pay their dollars all the same.

The craze for knowing, or pretending to know, the future is not confined to young and foolish girls. A grandmother gravely informed me one day lately that she was to marry a rich and distinguished man. "She" had told her so. A great lady told me some months ago of the honor and position all the fortune-tellers had assured her would be hers before she died. She hugs the glittering dream and spends hours dwelling upon its possibilities. Of course, it's no one's business whether one gets one's hand read, or one's future pictured in glowing colors. I am not criticizing, not even giving my opinion of the wisdom or the folly of laying out good money to encourage impudent assertions or any other non-criminal blackmail. I merely note that such and such moneys are spent freely by certain members of the beau monde on fortune-tellers, sometimes from mere ennui and idleness, sometimes from discontent and restlessness, and sometimes from ambition, vanity and superstition. And after having studied a few instances, such as that of the violets, I come to the conclusion that fools are certainly fair prey for clever people, and who am I that I should interfere? One of these fortune-tellers volunteered the statement to my friend that men often came for advice and information about affairs of the home, the heart and the counting-house. This opens up a large field for the fortune-teller. Just fancy what she could do in the stock market, if bulls

GOLD MEDAL
For ALE AND PORTER
AWARDED
JOHN LABATT
AT ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION, 1904

A Treat from Ceylon

"Red Feather" Tea

Makes the most of itself.

One Price—40¢

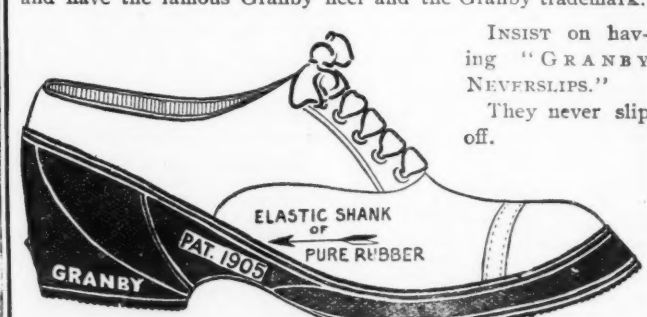
Granby "Neverslip" Rubbers (For Men)

Here is a Rubber that will not come off in the "middle of the street." It clings to the shoe with a bulldog grip. Because of our **Potent Elastic Shank**.

This shank is tough, springy rubber that keeps GRANBY "NEVERSLIPS" snug and tight on the shoe.

They are made exclusively by the Granby Rubber Co. and have the famous Granby heel and the Granby trademark.

INSIST on having "GRANBY NEVERSLIPS." They never slip off.




A Neat Fitting Shoe

Always commands the admiration of the fair sex. If you are at all particular about your footwear ask to see the **EDWIN C. BURT SHOE**

They can't be duplicated elsewhere at the price, \$5.00.

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge Street, TORONTO



and bears alike came bellowing and growling for inside information from her! The idea seems too absurd to dwell upon, but not a scrap more outrageous than the visits of women of means and intelligence to hear prophecies of "tokens of affection!"

To-day, God save Ireland! is the day of blessed St. Patrick, and the never-failing pot of shamrock reached me early in the week, by way of reminder. As if one could forget! For the part of my heart that will last of all grow old, the part of my head that will last of all forget, the part of my imagination that will last of all grow dim, belongs to the land of the shamrock. It is not a passionate nor assertive love, rather a mysterious undercurrent, such as makes the eyes fill that do not easily weep, and the heart contract with some silent intense emotion of yearning, just that holy minute one catches the first glimpse of the first gray and green of the rocks and hillside as one ploughs through the waves eastward to beautiful Erin. Born in us Irish-bred folk, and lost sometimes in false clatter of new country, and vast wealth, and exile that we don't understand the pathos of as do those who knew Ireland well before they ever set two eyes on America. But just let us back there, and we know it all, the charm that we inherit a love for, the sweet, wilful, uncertain, queer, silent, voluble, weeping, laughing, hating, loving own people that we take to our hearts with glad recognition, the twisting of the heart with a delight that is pain as we plough nearer, nearer the exquisite bay of Dublin, the harbor of Cork or the sweet, open, laughing mouth of Loch Foyle. Did London or Liverpool or New York or Glasgow or Montreal ever send that rush of blood, that tear to the eye, that tremble to the lip? I've tried 'em all, but never noticed it. Even dear old Antwerp, big, busy Hamburg, never did a thing to us! But when the Green Isle, jewel of the sea, rose slowly, sweetly, graciously, unveiling her misty face in gray morning, or rollicking in

smiles at midday or setting rosy flushed in sunset hour, then all the inner wheels went round, and heart and eye and lips blessed her, darling, small morsel, worth all the world beside. That's really how I found out I was Irish just a quarter of a century ago come June!

LADY GAY.

Modern Instances.

Mary Queen of Scots put her head on the block. "I might as well," she reflected, "for the automobiles are getting so thick that it's only a matter of time until they get me."

Explaining to the man that as she had just washed her hair she couldn't do a thing with it she calmly awaited the end—New York "World."

Blot.

The house was already full of poor relatives of ours come to visit with us, and still every train brought more of them.

I laughed ironically.

"They, at least," I sneered, thinking in all bitterness of the cruel attitude of my elder brother, "do not deem my wealth a blot on the family escutcheon!"

"Or possibly they purpose sponging it off!" suggested my wife, a woman of rare wit and fertile fancy.

"Puck."

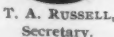
COVERNTON'S CARBOLIC TOOTH WASH

Good for decayed teeth; also good for sound ones, as it preserves them, hardens the gums, disinfects the mouth, sweetens the breath; also good for those having false teeth.

For sale by all druggists. 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 Bottle.

D. Watson & Co., Agents.
444 St. Paul St., Montreal.

By Alexander Graham Bell.



OFFICERS OF THE TORONTO AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

"During the summer the Provincial Secretary's office was at work getting out the new numbers and printed matter in connection with the new regulations, which were really not in working shape before the latter part of August, so that the new law has

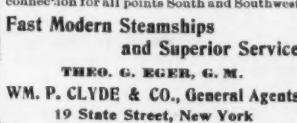
Lucile was making her first visit in the country. "What's that?" she cried as she saw the fireflies. "We call them lightning bugs. Didn't you ever see any before?" "No; the bugs in our town ain't like vet."

A Word of Praise.

Day by day, the way of travelers is made more easy. Our own Dominion Express Company has conferred the latest boon by means of their travelers' cheques. These can be procured representing any amount wished, and each is marked with foreign money values, so will be cashed by any hotel or shop in any country one may happen to be in; an immense convenience, as anyone accustomed to traveling abroad knows the bother often occurring from having to make out the equivalent of English money, and also from being unable to cash bank cheques at the necessary moment.

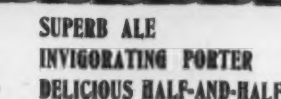
"The Book Shop."

WM. TYRRELL & CO.
7 and 9 King St. E., Toronto.



Full particulars from any Railroad Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, North-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto and St. Thomas.

De Miracle



COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.
NIAGARA ST., TORONTO.

And of all License Holders,
Telephone Park 140.

LOTS FOR SALE.
High-class Residential Lots
Sale, Spadina Road, on the Hill;
eric cars, 7 minutes. Apply A.
Austin, 140 Confederation Life B

149.

"St. Catharine's Well"

Secure tickets at City Office,
northwest corner King and
Yonge streets. (Phone main
4209.)

Chicago \$33.00

[illegible]

Smooth Roadbed

Tourist Sleeping Cars a Specialty

INQUIRE OF

I. O. GOODSELL, T.R.A., C.E.B. CHAIRMAN

W. O. GOODSALL, T.P.A., ⁶/₁₂ F. B. CHOATE, G.A.,
14 Jones Building. 11 East St.

TORONTO, CANADA. **DETROIT, MICH**

Figure 11 is a line graph showing the relationship between the number of cycles (N) and the logarithm of the number of cycles ($\lg N$). The x-axis is labeled $\lg N$ and ranges from 0 to 1. The y-axis is labeled N and ranges from 0 to 10. A solid line represents the theoretical relationship, and a dashed line represents the experimental data. The dashed line follows the solid line closely, showing a slight upward trend as $\lg N$ increases.

Ballroom Floor in first-class condition
the best in the city. Catering the ve

und, everything first-class only, at

Mrs. Meyer's Parlors

SUNNYSIDE

SUNNYSIDE
 telephone: B. 4. 007

Telephone, Park 905.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

HOTEL DEL MONTE

Preston Springs, Ont.

The popular Health Resort and Miner

...springs under new management. Rem
ated throughout. Excellent cuisine.

J. W. HIRST & SONS, Props.



THE Kneisel Quartette paid their annual visit to Toronto on Tuesday evening, appearing at Association Hall before a most appreciative gathering, among whom was a large representation of the Women's Musical Club, to whom is due the credit for undertaking the engagement. It may be fancy, but it seemed to me that the Kneisel party play with more breadth and fulness of tone since they have abandoned orchestral playing. They are still, as they have always been, the representative string quartette of America, their ensemble interpretation and performance of the best chamber music being nearer to perfection than anything that has yet been heard on this side of the Atlantic. The programme contained but three numbers, but each was a work of some dimensions, and the concert consequently occupied one hour and three quarters. The opening number, Mozart's quartette in E flat, was delightfully rendered, with great grace and clearness in the quick movements, and with admirable simplicity and dignity of expression in the slow movement. The composition is perfectly free from obscurity or morbidity. The second work was Smetana's "Aus meinem Leben," an attempt by the unhappy and unfortunate composer to relate his life through the intimate medium of the string quartette. This composition was first produced by the Yunk Quartette of Detroit, and the Kneisels gave it the second performance in this city. In the hands of mediocre executants, much of the music sounds meaningless. From the Kneisels it assumed definition, with many passages of pathos and beauty. It is occasionally morbid in spirit and, at intervals, somewhat incoherent. But Smetana himself admitted that he was vainly endeavoring to express the "inexpressible." The most obvious movement is the one devoted to a glorification of the dance, and here is apparent a more clear-cut form, with melodic material that might be called tuneful. The slow movement expressing the affection of the composer for his wife is a sustained song of appealing emotion. The finale ends in sadness; it affords one of the few instances of a vigorous finale, closing with a few despairing utterances in faint tones. The third and closing work was another representative Bohemian composition—Dvorak's big quintette for piano and strings, Op. 81, in A flat major. Here the Kneisels had the co-operation, at the piano, of that admirable and accomplished musician, our Mr. Frank Welsman, who most felicitously caught the spirit in which the music was being rendered by the string players, and thoroughly successfully identified himself with the ensemble. Mr. Welsman, as is well-known, is a brilliant technician, but there is no pretence at making an individual display in his share of the performance, either in disproportionate power of tone or obtrusion of bravura. The quintette has often been played in Toronto, and it was doubtless familiar to most of the audience. Its character has been commented upon several times in this column, but I might once more call attention to the absorbing beauty of the Dumka or slow movement, with its touching melody, and to the inspiration with which Dvorak has employed his counter subjects. The main theme on its first enunciation by the viola was a most artistic achievement on the part of the player.

What may be termed a revival of "H.M.S. Pinafore" will be presented to Toronto on the 27th and 28th insts. If we except a juvenile performance last October, it must be quite fifteen years since the Gilbert and Sullivan's bright and tuneful little opera has been performed in the city, and it is certain that its reappearance, under the auspices of the Argonaut Rowing Club, will be welcome. There are thousands of people in the city who have never heard "Pinafore" who will be glad of this opportunity, while the many who have enjoyed the opera in former years will joyfully renew their acquaintance with it. The present production will be aided by the Argonaut Rowing Club Henley Fund, in itself a strong inducement to lovers of athletics, while the preparation of the opera has been so thorough as to vie with the best companies that have played the Gilbert and Sullivan operas here. The principal parts are adequately taken. The costumes, scenery and dances are all new and specially designed and prepared for this performance, while the orchestra will be augmented to sixteen performers.

The programme of Mr. Blakeley's organ recital of Irish music, at four o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon, in the Sherbourne Street Church, includes a sonata, "Religious Meditation," a suite, and other sketches, all founded upon Irish melodies. Mr. Blakeley will have the vocal assistance of Misses Crawford and Selway, and Messrs. Bemrose, Coxall and Rieger.

A piano recital that merits more than passing notice was that given on Saturday afternoon in the Nordheimer Hall by Miss Mabel E. Steele, one of the advanced pupils of Mr. Frank Welsman, and a most accomplished player. Miss Steele won a triumph with her first number, the Mendelssohn Andante and Rondo Capriccioso. The Rondo was executed with admirable crispness, delicacy of touch and velocity of tempo. Another number which was marked by distinction of style and technical delivery was the Chopin Nocturne, Op. 25, No. 17, in which Miss Steele produced from her instrument a beautiful, clear and resonant singing tone. More scope was given to Miss Steele's virtuosity in the Wagner-Liszt "Lieb-

estod" and the Saint-Saens second concerto. Assistance was given by Miss A. L. Madeline Carter, vocalist, a pupil of Mr. David Ross, who, with a pretty voice and graceful style, gave a felicitous rendering of a group of songs by Spohr and Schubert.

Mr. Ernest Whyte, composer of Ottawa, was introduced to the notice of a Toronto audience on Friday evening of last week in a recital of his songs in the west hall of the University main building by Mr. R. S. Pigott and Mrs. J. Gilmour Templeton. Twenty-four of Mr. Whyte's lyrics were sung, and, while it was hazardous to give a complete programme by one composer, the audience were favorably impressed with Mr. Whyte's creative ability. Mr. Whyte's music, both in the solos and the accompaniments, is cast in simple form; the melodic material is straightforward, and, with increased experience in writing for the voice, he will no doubt produce music that will show an advance in effectiveness. Mr. Whyte and Mrs. Templeton sang the music with the earnestness of friends, and the composer himself played the accompaniments.

Miss Alice M. Halls, principal contralto at the Unitarian Church, Jarvis street, has resigned, to accept a similar position at Dundas Street Center Methodist Church, London, Ont., beginning her duties April 1st. Miss Halls is a pupil of Mrs. Alfred Jury.

The choir of St. Matthew's and St. Clement's Anglican churches, combined, will give Sir John Stainer's "Crucifixion" next Thursday evening, the 22nd inst., in St. Matthew's Church, First avenue, under the direction of Mr. J. Percy Milnes, with Mr. T. M. Sargent as organist, Mr. Allen C. Fairweather, tenor, and Mr. Rhynch Jamieson, bass, will be the soloists.

At the Toronto College of Music, on Saturday, March 10th, a recital was given by piano, vocal and organ pupils of Mrs. R. A. Howson. Following is the programme: Piano—Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2, Olive Hendershott; Sieveking, Valse Lente, Lillie Greer; Chopin, Berceuse, and Mendelssohn, Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Olive Hendershott. Vocal—Gounod, "Sing, Smile, Slumber," Leona Spencer; Gounod, "Flower Song" (Faust), Jessie Cavers; Pinotti, "Welcome, Pretty Primrose Flower," Mina Bryant; Greene, "Beautiful Land of Nod," Kathleen Mitchell; Riego, "O Dry Those Tears," Ruth McCowan; Tosti, "Good-bye," Kate Lemon; ballad, "Annie Laurie," Annie Mason. Organ—Rinck, Fugue in C, Pastorale, Ethel M. Robinson.

Many a time has the demand been made for more light music at symphony concerts, for the sake of variety. A hint may be found in the following, from the London "World": "We have often heard Mr. Wood's reading of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, and at the Promenade Concerts he has often delighted us with Bizet's 'Arlésienne' music. It was, however, I believe, the first time that it has been included in the programme of a symphony concert, but let no one suggest that because it is incidental music it is unworthy of its place. It is quite perfect of its kind; indeed, the whole literature of music has nothing to show, in this class, that is so poetical and imaginative on the one hand, and so true in dramatic expression on the other, while from the point of view of workmanship it is masterly."

Writing on "the distinctive note in American music" in the "Etude," Mr. H. E. Krehbiel says: "It is thirty years since I began the study of American slave music and I am still as interested in it, and as convinced of its potential capacity for artistic development, as I have ever been. For preaching the doctrine I have been well laughed at by my friends among the critics; but no harm has been done. It was all in good nature, and they have scarcely closed their mouths after the first guffaw with which the suggestion that Indian, but more especially Afro-American, melodies might profitably be used as thematic material for artistic composition, before Dr. Dvorak showed, with his quartette, quintette, and symphony composed during his stay in America, that the laughter of the skeptics was as 'the cracking of thorns under a pot.' In those works we find the spirit of negro melody and some of its literal idiom, though there was no copying of popular tunes. Then came Mr. MacDowell with his 'Indian' suite (fruit of a conversation held as long ago as 1885 in the Boholub Club in Boston), and his exquisite pianoforte piece, 'From an Indian Lodge.' Then my contention with the wise men of the East reminded me only of the old story of Diogenes crawling out of his tub and walking around in it, and tub and walking around in it, though there was no copying of popular tunes. Then came Mr. MacDowell with his 'Indian' suite (fruit of a conversation held as long ago as 1885 in the Boholub Club in Boston), and his exquisite pianoforte piece, 'From an Indian Lodge.' Then my contention with the wise men of the East reminded me only of the old story of Diogenes crawling out of his tub and walking around in it, and tub and walking around in it, though there was no copying of popular tunes."

The programme of Mr. Blakeley's organ recital of Irish music, at four o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon, in the Sherbourne Street Church, includes a sonata, "Religious Meditation," a suite, and other sketches, all founded upon Irish melodies. Mr. Blakeley will have the vocal assistance of Misses Crawford and Selway, and Messrs. Bemrose, Coxall and Rieger.

A piano recital that merits more than passing notice was that given on Saturday afternoon in the Nordheimer Hall by Miss Mabel E. Steele, one of the advanced pupils of Mr. Frank Welsman, and a most accomplished player. Miss Steele won a triumph with her first number, the Mendelssohn Andante and Rondo Capriccioso. The Rondo was executed with admirable crispness, delicacy of touch and velocity of tempo. Another number which was marked by distinction of style and technical delivery was the Chopin Nocturne, Op. 25, No. 17, in which Miss Steele produced from her instrument a beautiful, clear and resonant singing tone. More scope was given to Miss Steele's virtuosity in the Wagner-Liszt "Lieb-

best (who are personally the humblest) of his class who are gathered there; and when he starts he should be borne by two white horses, not one. The most modest man in Canada, he deserves a monument (and a ribbon, or is it a garter?) if any one does of his contemporaries living and working in wholesome, moral, hospitable and sincere Canada.

A large audience filled the Normal School Theatre on Wednesday evening of last week to hear the vocal recital given by a number of the pupils of Mrs. Mildred Walker. All those taking part displayed a good quality of tone and excellent training, while the work done by some of the pupils showed talent of no ordinary degree. The names of those on the programme were Misses Hazel Bell, Ethel Sherris, Frances Bealey, Josephine Bridgeland, Marie and Antoinette Laliberti, George Rogers, Dora and Pansy Ives, Katie Rock and Ethel Housego and Messrs. Ives, Van Every and Nanceivell. Mrs. Walker made a skillful accompanist, and encores were the order of the evening.

Pupils' recitals are often perfunctory performances, and are usually recorded in the same manner. But there was something musically worth while at the recital given by pupils of Dr. Edward Fisher at the Conservatory of Music last Saturday afternoon. Miss Mona M. Bates, a young lady of exceptional talent, played two movements from Mendelssohn's piano concerto in G minor with the repose and finish of a matured artist, winning high praise from a discriminating audience. The Andante was given with exceptional beauty of tone, breadth of treatment and poetic feeling, while in the Allegro Molto Vivace Miss Bates displayed a polished technique, fully capable of surmounting the many difficulties of the score. She is a pianist whose future is most promising. The choral accompaniment to the concerto was excellently played on a second piano by Miss Mary L. Caldwell. Chopin's Ballade in A flat received a satisfying interpretation at the hands of Miss Maide Morley, who displayed intelligence in her reading and careful training in her execution. The cantabile of Miss Olive Brush in the A flat Impromptu of Schubert was worthy of special mention. It was obtained by a well-balanced legato, producing a very beautiful tone. Her work throughout was most artistic. Miss Marie Henn-say played intelligently the Liszt Liebestraume, No. 3, Miss Eva Hughes was proud to advantage in Chopin's Polka in C sharp minor, and Miss Anna P. Tipp displayed graceful and well-balanced staccato touch in Godeard's "En Route." One of the most pleasing numbers was the performance by Miss Annie Connor of that delightful valse de concert, Moszkowski's, in E major. Miss Connor entered thoroughly into the spirit of the music, and displayed undoubted talent. Miss Madge Rogers and Miss Hazel Ireland also played admirably, and the programme was diversified by vocal numbers by the Misses May Stockwell, Gertrude Lowrey, Gertrude Hornsby, Mildred Shore and Brenda Smellie. One of the striking things about the recital was the evenness, with which the various pupils of Dr. Fisher had been developed.

The correspondents of "Musical America" have a powerful imagination that in some cases they are bringing ridicule on the paper. From Toronto, in the issue of March 10th, we learn with profound astonishment that the Mendelssohn Choir are planning a tour of Great Britain and France for the summer of 1908, that the expenses will be \$100,000, and that the British Government has agreed to advance \$50,000 towards paying the expenses of the choir if the choir will raise the other \$50,000. I have Mr. Vogt's assurance, if that were needed, that there is not a word of truth in the statement. From Montreal we read, in the same number, that in case the Pittsburgh Orchestra is given up by the people of that city a number of capitalists of Buffalo, Toronto and Montreal are willing to engage Paur and his men, and that the news is hailed with delight in these cities. Not a word has been heard in Toronto of any such project. The two stories have a family likeness which suggests the hand of the same journalistic Munchausen.

CHERUBINO.
Impersonation of "Macbeth."
Miss Florence Emilie Lutz gave her impersonation of "Macbeth" last Friday evening in the Conservatory of Music Hall. This was her first appearance as a reader in Toronto, and the audience watched with critical attention her handling of this great tragedy in platform presentation. Her object was to portray Lady Macbeth, especially as regards the development and psychological effect of the crime upon her personality. The other characters were also well presented, and the whole work gave evidence of dramatic perception. Miss Lutz is at present associated with the School of Expression of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Miss Lutz had the assistance in her recital of Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, A.T.C.M. (pianist), Miss Lina D. Adamson (violinist) and Mr. Rechab Tandy (vocalist), whose various selections lent much to the evening's enjoyment.

Stayed Home Next Night.
Of course, it would probably not suit every occasion, but the peculiar dose which was administered to a Mexico City man the other night has caused him to begin leading a distinctly new life, and the men at the club who have always liked him because he was such a good fellow are mourning the loss of their best storyteller, what he will do for entries now that the man is off his list. It came about this way. The man, although a good fellow and well liked, managed to evade the women until he was steered against a widow, who won him hands down in three months. For a time he was one of the model

men of the city, and all the young married women held him up as a "Ladies' Home Journal" sample of manhood, but later he began staying out after ten o'clock and finally became so bold and hardened to feminine scoldings and pleadings that he had been known to barely get home in time for breakfast.

The other morning at three o'clock he turned the corner leading to his home and was surprised to see a light in the window. Thinking that his wife might be sick, or that something else equally as terrible might have happened, he quickened his step and burst into the door to find his wife sitting in the parlor dressed in black. "What's the matter, dear?" he murmured, all out of breath. "Oh, nothing," was the calm reply. "I'm just mourning for my late husband."—"Mexican Herald."

Whiskey Tariff in Baltimore.
An enterprising saloonkeeper in South Baltimore has a price list behind his bar which reads as follows: "—whiskey, 15 cents. "Straight whiskey, 10 cents. "Whiskey slightly damaged by water, 5 cents."—Baltimore "Sun."

Miss Smith (decidedly plain)—Are you an admirer of beauty, Mr. Brown? Mr. Brown (inspired by a desire to be polite)—Really, Miss Smith, if I did like beauty—I—er—couldn't be ungallant enough to say so.—Exchange.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc., Musical Director.
Highest Artistic Standards.
Pupils registered at any time.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CALENDAR
School of Expression
F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph. B., Principal.
Special Calendar.

MR. RECHAB TANDY
Oratorio and Concert Tandy
Teacher Italian Method Voice Production and Instruction in Singing. Address: The Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

W. Y. ARCHIBALD
BARITONE
Teacher of Singing. Studio—Northcliffe, 15 King St. East, Toronto.

ARTHUR BLIGHT
Concert Baritone
Studio—Northcliffe, 15 King St. E., Toronto. Phone 4611.

DR. ALBERT HAM
VOICE PRODUCTION AND SINGING
For the Conservatory of Music, or 561 Jarvis St.

TRIPP
THE GREAT CANADIAN PIANIST
Studio for lessons—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MR. & MRS. ALFRED JURY
Teachers of Singing
Tone placement and development of voice according to scientific principles, especially. Studio—58 Alexander Street.

MRS. RYAN-BURKE
Teacher of Singing
Vocal Directress Loreto Abbey, Conservatory of Music.

LORA NEWMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSA
Pupils and concert engagements accepted. Studio—435 Yonge St., or 378 Jarvis St.

DAVID ROSS
SINGING MASTER
Room 8, Nordheimer's. Phone Main 6037.

MISS FLORENCE GRAHAM
Voice Culture and Piano
Studio—37 Harbor Street. Reception Hour, 2 o'clock.

A. S. VOGT
Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

ROBERT STUART PIGOTT
SINGING MASTER
Toronto Conservatory of Music.

M. R. SHERRIS
BARITONE
Address: 201 Bevelly St. Phone Main 1644.

FRANK G. SMITH
Teacher of Violin and Piano
Studio—Toronto College of Music, or Wilham's, 143 Yonge St.

MARIE C. STRONG
Tone Production and Singing
Studio—Gerhard Heilmann's, 97 Yonge Street. Phone Main 1537.

COLLEGE OF MUSIC
LIMITED
12-14 PEMBROKE ST.
IN AFFILIATION WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
DR. F. H. TORRINGTON, MUSICAL DIRECTOR
THOROUGH Musical Education
Pupils may register at any time.
SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal
Send for Calendar and Syllabus.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
Soprano—Voice Culture
Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby; Vocal Teacher St. Mary's College, Toronto. Studio—Room U, Yonge St. Arcade.

MILDRED WALKER
SOPRANO
Pupils: Emilio Agramonte.
Voice Culture. Concert engagements accepted. Studio—Bell's Warehouse, 146 Yonge St., and 30 Lower Street, Toronto.

MR. PETER C. KENNEDY
Instruction in the Art of Piano-Playing
Studio—Metropolitan School of Music; Bell's Warehouse, 146 Yonge Street. Residence, 1576 King Street West.

FRANK E. BLACHFORD
SOLO VIOLINIST AND TEACHER
Address—168 Carlton Street, or Conservatory of Music.

W. H. DINGLE
Teacher of Piano-Playing and Singing
Address—Metropolitan School of Music, or 22 Lansdowne Avenue.

DOUGLAS BERTRAM
PIANIST
Toronto Conservatory of Music. Residence, 16 Macpherson St. Tel. phone N. 4050.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Voice Culture
Vocal Teacher of Mount Ladies' College, Toronto, and Toronto Conservatory of Music, 310 St. George Street.

MR. J. M. SHERLOCK
Vocal Teacher and Tenor Soloist
Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King St. East.

ARTHUR V. LEITHEUSER
BARITONE
Concert, Oratorio, Recital. Pupils accepted. Residence, 84 Wilton Ave.

MR. H. M. FIELD
PIANIST AND PIANO PEDAGOGUE
School of Piano Playing
"Mr. Field may honestly claim a position among the leading pianists of the day." Leipzig Signale. Studio—105 Gloucester St.

FRANK H. BURT Mus. Bac.
BASS-BARITONE
Concert, Oratorio and Church Soloist. Teacher of Singing. Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 891 Bathurst Street.

MRS. J. LILLIE
Voice Culture and Artistic Singing by Modern Methods
Studio—N. E. Cor. Queen and Sherbourne.

G. D. ATKINSON
Teacher of Piano-Playing
Organist and Choirmaster Wesley Church. Studio—Room 24, No. 2 College St.; also St. Andrew's College. Organ studio—Conservatory of Music. Residence—500 Davenport Road.

W. SHAKESPEARE, JR.
Son of the well-known Singing Master, of London, England.
VOCAL INSTRUCTOR
For terms apply Toronto College of Music, or Residence, 74 Henry Street.

TORONTO SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
SIMPSON HALL, 734 YONGE ST.
Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 9:30 a.m. to 1 p.m.; 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Physical Director—Constance W. Weyford. Medical Adviser—C. L. Storr, M.D. Special attention to Curative Gymnastics.

The Model School of Music
LIMITED
193 BEVERLEY STREET, TORONTO
Established 1900. Incorporated 1906.
FRANK DENTON, K.C., D.C.L., A.D. WASTE, President.
DEPARTMENTS:
Vocal, Violin, Piano, Theory, Literature and Expression, Physical Culture.
Pupils enter at any time. Detail information on application at the School or by Mail.

MISS FLORENCE GRAHAM
Voice Culture and Piano
Studio—37 Harbor Street. Reception Hour, 2 o'clock.

A. S. VOGT
Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

ROBERT STUART PIGOTT
SINGING MASTER
Toronto Conservatory of Music.

M. R. SHERRIS
BARITONE
Address: 201 Bevelly St. Phone Main 1644.

FRANK G. SMITH
Teacher of Violin and Piano
Studio—Toronto College of Music, or Wilham's, 143 Yonge St.

MARIE C. STRONG
Tone Production and Singing
Studio—Gerhard Heilmann's, 97 Yonge Street. Phone Main 1537.

W. SPENCER JONES
Concert Direction
35 Walker Ave. Telephone North 4950.
The highest class artists supplied for entertainments. Now booking for the Eastern Provinces, Georgia Turner, Violinist; Irene Weaver, Entertainer.

Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited
Canada's Greatest Music House
Everything in Sheet Music and Musical Instruments
Our collection of RARE OLD VIOLINS, CELLOS, etc., is the LARGEST and BEST ever imported into Canada. Inspection invited.
Instruments allowed on trial.
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

CANADIAN INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL TRAINING
Jas. W. Barton, M.D., Principal
Branches—1. Medical and Physical examination, with prescription of exercise. 2. Body Building. 3. Boxing and Fencing. 4. Teacher's Course. 5. Correspondence Course.
For terms, etc., apply to Jas. W. Barton, M.D., Hamilton Bank Building, 167 1/2 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

P. J. McAVAY
Teacher of Singing
Studio—46 Ossington Ave. Voices tuned free. I can positively make you a Voice.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Organ, Piano, Theory
Theory lessons by correspondence. Pupils prepared for musical examinations. Address—North Sherbourne St., or Toronto College of Music.

A. T. CRINGAN, Mus. Bac.
Teacher of Vocal Culture and the Art of Singing. Careful attention given to tone placing and development. Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music. Residence: 533 Church St., Toronto.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Harp, Guitar, Mandolin & Banjo.
Concert Soloist & Teacher.
Conductor Toronto College of Music was 40-41, 42 & 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 6

Perfection in Corsets



THIS is the one store where absolute perfection in corsage is assured. The finest corsetiers of New York and our best Canadian makers, realizing which store is supreme in this regard, confine their famous models exclusively to Simpson's, so far as the City of Toronto is concerned. We have only to mention such names as we append below to convince stylish women that here natural grace and style may be continued as is possible in no other corset department in Canada. Expert fitters will be delighted to show you whatever model you prefer or to advise you as to which of the many masterpieces in corsage best suits your own particular figure. Look over this list of names—do you know of any better thought of among fashionable women?

Famous Corsets Sold at Simpson's:

Redfern Corsets, \$4.00 to \$7.50 a pair.
C. C. a la Grace Corsets, \$1.25 to \$4.50 a pair.
Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets, \$1.25 to \$4.00 a pair.
Bon Ton Corsets, \$3.00 to \$7.50 a pair.
Crompton's Corsets, 50c to \$1.25 a pair.
C. B. a la Spirite Corsets, \$1.25 to \$6.00 a pair.
Royal Worcester Corsets, \$1.25 to \$3.00 a pair.
D. and A. Corsets, 50c to \$2.25 a pair.
R. and G. Corsets, \$1.25 to \$4.00 a pair.
Dowager Corsets, for stout figures, at \$3.00 a pair.
Armourside Corsets, for stout figures, at \$1.25 a pair.
The Famous Corset H Corsets, at \$1.25 to \$3.50 a pair.

Phone orders a specialty. Money refunded if Corsets are not satisfactory.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

RHEUMATISM

Are you a sufferer from this Dread Disease?

BUNYEAS REMEDY

is guaranteed to cure you and we will gladly refund the purchase price to any one returning an empty bottle who is dissatisfied.

The HOOPER CO. LIMITED
43 KING STREET WEST

As You Would Make Them

If you knew how to make fine Chocolates, and wanted to make them better than Chocolates had ever been made before, you would make them like

Stewart's Delicious Chocolates

ASK FOR STEWART'S.
The Stewart Co. Limited, Toronto

A FRENCH VIEW OF CANADIAN PROSPERITY.

BITISH NORTH AMERICA is on the eve of an immense development, says Mr. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu in the "Econometre Francaise" (Paris). This is shown, first, by increased immigration. To quote: "According to the American 'Bradstreet's,' Canada, during 1905, has received almost 200,000 immigrants: from 60,000 to 65,000 came from Europe, principally from the British Isles, but about 130,000 from the United States. The 'American Invasion' was, at first, rather a shock to old Canadians and their Government. The question arose whether political difficulties might not result, and whether a free citizen of the Union could accommodate himself to the position of subject to such a constitutional monarch as Edward VII. But it was rather rash to anticipate any pressing troubles from this circumstance, especially as those who passed from the States to the Canadian Northwest were Americans of very recent date. Among these were many Scandinavians, who found it advantageous to sell their American farms for \$30 or \$40 an acre and purchase land in Canada for one-fifth of that price. Among such immigrants are many French-Canadian people who have made money in the cotton-mills of Lowell and Fall River and were returning to their former home. This immigration has been much encouraged by the immense harvests of 1905."

While the cattle-raising in Canada has not been proportionately as large as agriculture, butter and cheese are exported in considerable quantities to Europe, and an increase of \$10,000,000 in the export of dairy products is recorded during the past year. The fisheries of British Columbia have also been a source of great revenue. Nor is Canada without remarkable mineral wealth. Her production of gold was for some recent years about \$30,000,000, but Canada is only in the fifth rank as an auriferous country. Coal and iron are abundantly found in Cape Breton, and coal is mined on Vancouver Island. The abundant water-power of the country facilitates the production of electrical power for several purposes of locomotion and manufacture, and Canadian electrical engineers are among the first in the world. This writer concludes as follows:

"Canada is making her influence felt abroad both by her spirit of enterprise and by her commerce, which for the first eleven months of 1905 rose to \$1,891,000,000 of exports and \$226,000,000 of imports. Her foreign and domestic records prove that her condition is prosperous. Her new transcontinental railways and others in course of construction cannot but aid in accelerating her course of advancement and promoting the colonization of her lands. Canada, like other countries, may have critical moments in her development, and probably at the present time suffers from excessive speculation. But as a whole her progress is going on healthily, and it may safely be predicted that no country will make greater strides in advance during the first half of the twentieth century than the great British colony of North America."

Cheap Courting at Epping.

There lived in the town of Epping, N.H., an old man who was noted for his penuriousness. One winter the school teacher boarded at his house, and she had a beau who came once a week to spend the evening with her. This, of course, necessitated heating and lighting the parlor.

Nothing was said about this item of expense at the end of the term, when the teacher paid her board bill, but the next day, happening to meet the young man on the street, the old man accosted him, and, after a few preliminaries about the weather, remarked:

"You know we've been to some little expense this winter running that fire in the parlor for you and teacher. I didn't say anything to her, but I thought perhaps you'd be willing to make it right."

"Why, yes," replied the young man. "I am willing to pay anything reasonable, of course. How much do you think you ought to have?"

"Waal," drawled out Mr. B. "I guess 'bout ten cents will do."—Boston Herald.

Lesson From the Past.

The mother of the Gracchi was praising her boys.

"She makes me tired," exclaimed the woman on the other side of the back-yard fence. "The little imp stone our pigeons and tie tin cans to our dog's tail, just the same as the kids in the tenement-house across the alley."

From which we learn that no boy is a hero to the next-door neighbors.—Chicago Tribune.

The rain it raineth every day.
Upon the just and unjust fellows;
But chiefly on the just because
The unjust take the just's umbrellas.

THE CAPTAIN REMEMBERS.

"REMEMBER," said the Captain, producing a cigar of his own, and lighting it with a flourish. "I remember some years ago being up country beyond Algiers. It's not altogether a safe country for a European, but I have never known what fear was."

"Why," said Dixon, "the place is safe enough. It's over-run by Cockney tourists."

"I'm speaking now of thirty years ago," continued the Captain with a wave of his hand. "There wasn't a white man within fifty miles of where I was staying; and as for danger, well, I know that I hadn't been in Blidah two hours before I'd been stabbed twice in the neck and shot through the hand once."

"Show us," said Hawkins, leaning over and taking the Captain's hand.

"Oh, I don't suppose there's even the scar left now," said the Captain. "It's so long ago that I had nearly forgotten it. I had gone down to Blidah in response to a rather peculiar summons. There was a lady in the case."

"What ho!" said Dixon, "Don't speak too loudly, Captain."

"Why not?" retorted the Captain. "There's nothing in the adventure to be ashamed of. Quite the contrary, in fact. I don't want to brag, of course, but I have always regarded that feat as being an example of daring and physical endurance without parallel in our island story. No body but an Englishman could have done it."

"Hear, hear," commented Hawkins.

"You must know," continued the Captain, "that although the French were nominally in possession of Blidah at that time, the fact is that the Arabs had pretty much their own way there. Very few Frenchmen cared to venture so far out of Algiers as that. Well, one evening, while I was still in Algiers, a French chap I'd known for a long time came to me and said that a band of marauding Arabs had descended on his place in the night and had carried off his wife and her sister, and that he knew they had been sent to Blidah to the harem of a famous Arab chief. As he said, while the Government was getting ready to march a regiment down there, all sorts of things might happen. So I wrung his hand and gave him a letter addressed to my mother, which he was to send off if I wasn't back in two days, and then I hired a bicycle and started out for Blidah."

"What sort of bicycles did they have in those days, Captain?" asked Dixon, nonchalantly. "I'm speaking now of thirty years ago."

"Oh, quite as good as anything that's on the market now," replied the Captain unabashed. "The French have always been ahead of us in these things. So there it was. Away I went, doing the thirty odd miles in something like an hour and a quarter, if I remember rightly, which isn't bad travelling when you consider that at that time there was no road to speak of, and part of the way lay across ploughed fields, and—"

"Go over any mountains?" asked Hawkins, innocently.

"Mountains?" echoed the Captain. "Any schoolboy knows that the mountains are the other side of Blidah."

"Still, if there'd been any you'd have gone over them, I suppose, Captain?" said Dixon.

"I've no doubt of it," replied the Captain. "But, as I was saying, I found out the house of the Arab chief, and then, of course, my job was to get inside. As you know, these houses are very jealously guarded. There were two ugly-looking negroes standing before the door, and as I came near one of them drew his scimitar and began to moisten the palm of his hand ominously. I could see that I couldn't expect any civility from that quarter, so I just knocked the two of them over, and bound and gagged them."

"I suppose the second one stood by and waited till you'd done with the first one?" said Hawkins.

"Rubbish!" replied the Captain. "I had to stun them both with a left-hand apiece before I could get near enough to them to tie them up. You boys talk as if fighting semi-savages was as easy as playing skittles. However, as I said, having settled those two, I stepped inside, and found myself in front of a door marked 'private'—no admittance except on business."

"What's the Arabic for that, Captain," asked Dixon.

"I don't know how to pronounce the words," said the Captain, "but I know them when I see them written. I knew then that I was outside the harem. I pushed the door open a little way."

"Yes, Captain," said Hawkins with an effusive affectation of eager curiosity.

"And who should I see but the two French girls just inside. They'd already got Moorish dress on, and no doubt, were just about to be nation alised. So I whispered: 'Avez-vous la plume de mon oncle? Non, mais j'ai le crayon du jardinier' which is the French for 'Come along quickly! I'm here to save you!'"

"You're a thorough linguist, Captain," said Dixon, admiringly.

"Oh, I've picked up a bit here and there," said the Captain, accepting the compliment modestly. "The girls caught on at once. They rushed out, and as I climbed on my bicycle they sprang up behind, and off we went. A moment later the alarm was given. I could hear hoofs clattering behind us, but I was on my mettle then. I shrieked out to the girls to freeze on like grim death—"

"What's the French for that?" asked Hawkins.

"Never mind," said the Captain. "There we were. I was pedalling with all my might, knowing that if the horseman overtook us it was certain death to all of us. On we went over roads and paths and ploughed fields and occasional rocks, the girls screaming out encouragement to me, and my heart pumping so violently it nearly shook the three of us off the machine. But I never stopped a minute. I did the thirty miles in



IT SAVES IN 2 WAYS

It takes only 1/2 as much SUCHARD'S to make a delicious cup of cocoa, as any other kind. That's one saving. SUCHARD'S COCOA requires less milk. That's another saving.

Just add it to boiling water and the cocoa is made. Then put in milk and sugar to suit your taste. For the brain worker, there is nothing more invigorating and sustaining. It is so easily digested and is so nourishing. Insist on having Suchard's.

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO. SOLE AGENTS MONTREAL.
(Pronounced SU-SHAR)

SUCHARD'S COCOA

POLO PONIES

—AT AUCTION—

Tuesday next, March 20th.

AT 11 O'CLOCK

By instructions from Jas. A. Kee, Esq., Stanly Mills, Ont., we will sell at auction, ONE CARLOAD POLO PONIES, ranging from 4 to 7 years, 14—0 1/2 to 14—2 1/2 hands. Well broken to the stick.

BURNS & SHEPPARD, Proprietors

The Repository

COR. SIMCOE AND NELSON STREETS,

TORONTO

something under the hour, and as we rode into the town of Algiers—"

"You woke up, I suppose," said Hawkins.

"Woke up? What d'ye mean?" asked the Captain angrily. "I'd never been to sleep. As we got into Algiers, I fell off the machine in a swoon. When I came round the girls were so grateful that they wanted to marry me."

"What, both of 'em?" asked Dixon. "Er—well—you must understand it's a Mohammedan country and—"

"But," protested Hawkins, "one of the ladies was already married to your friend."

"Yes, I know," said the Captain with a weary sigh. "But things are different out there. The view of life you get from Clapham Common is nothing like the life of the mighty empires of the East and—"

"Waiter," interrupted Dixon, "bring us the same again. I'm afraid the Captain's getting mixed."—"Pick-me-Up."

AN EXAMPLE TO THE WORLD.

A PROMINENT newspaper has lauded to the skies the forbearance of Mr. James L. Ord of Chicago in refusing to thrust King Edward VII.

from the throne of England. Claiming descent from Mrs. Fitzherbert, the unacknowledged wife of George IV., Mr. Ord is, in the opinion of the journalist, the rightful monarch of Great Britain, but "as a sensible citizen of the United States, where every man has a right of sovereignty without going to a court of law to prove his claim, he wants no crown, but only just recognition under English law."

There is something very noble about this. It contrasts favorably with the grasping behavior of both Stuarts and Hanoverians. The fact that the "Royal Marriage Act" made the union of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert invalid, does not seem to intrude itself into the question. The soaring journalist, rising to splendid heights of imagination, assures his readers that, had Mrs. Fitzherbert's papers been given to the world a century earlier, they "might have disrupted the British Empire; might, in fact, have planted the stars and stripes on the flag-pole of the House of Parliament."

It would be interesting to have this problem worked out, to understand the process by which Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage certificate could have made Great Britain and Ireland colonies of the United States. Conservative Americans will rejoice that these remote islands were not added to our territorial responsibilities. They will also appreciate the generosity of Mr. Ord's present attitude, and be duly impressed when they are told that "with true American chivalry he reverses as sacred the name of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and is proud of his descent from her."

After these instances how tame seems the rivalry of two wealthy men of New York for blue ribbons at the recent dog show! One of them offered \$10,000 by cable for a famous London collyie, to be sent him in time for the show. Yet a collyie is happiest not when lined up with a hundred others at a bench show, but when racing the snow-beaten hills to round up a few silly sheep, all for love of a shepherd who never owned ten thousand cents at a time.

Humble friends of man, dogs are all generosity and all service. No sane man ever starved to death while watching a dog's dead body, as the dog immortalized in Scott's "Hielvellyn" did for his master. And no dog would ever object to the burial in a dog cemetery of a good man who loved dogs, as men in Louisville, Ky., are objecting by legal process to the burial in Cave Hill Cemetery of Billy, which once saved several lives by running up a railroad track with a red lantern to stop a train when the watchman was disabled.—New York World.

Sky-scrapers cover a multitude of skins!



Plain Tips

15c. Per Box



JEAN GERARDY, Cellist.
Who appears with Henri Marteau next Wednesday at Massey Hall.

Hallway Decoration

AS you enter a home, the hallway gives you the first impression. First impressions are lasting. If you would be known to possess good taste, and if you enjoy elegant surroundings yourself, you should have your Hall one of the most perfect pieces of Interior Decoration and Furnishing.

Plans will be submitted to any prospective customer. You are welcome to visit our Studios.

The United Arts & Crafts
LIMITED
Studios—91-93 King St. West

We Will Help You in CHOOSING RUGS

TO get genuinely good Rugs you must first go where the good Rugs are. Of course such a place must be where you can get the greatest choice. It's natural to suppose that the largest importers and the only direct importers in Canada would have the largest and best assortment. Nowhere else can be found such beautiful, soft, silky, genuine antique Turkish and Persian Rugs as are in the selected stock of

COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.

Special facilities for buying cheap and a life experience in choosing Rugs, give them a decided advantage over other dealers. They can give customers a better choice in all sizes at all prices than can be found elsewhere, and can give disinterested advice about choosing and using Rugs. Prices are fully 25% to 50% cheaper than similar goods are sold for anywhere else. Rugs purchased here may be exchanged within three years.

Genuine Persian Rugs, \$5.00 up to \$1,000.00

Courian, Babayan & Co.

42 KING STREET EAST, Opposite King Edward Hotel

A JUDGE OF TEA.

CERTAIN suburban gentleman, who is somewhat of a gourmet, discovered one day that his wife was giving him tea at 1s. 4d. to drink. Although he had never made any complaints about the quality of the tea, no sooner did he discover the price than he detected all sorts of shortcomings in the article supplied, and when he went down to business that morning he dropped into a tea store and bought a pound of orange pekoe at 3s. 6d. This he carried home in the night, and, taking the opportunity of the kitchen being empty, he hunted round till he found the tea-caddy, which was nearly full. The contents of this he threw away and replaced out of his own pocket. It had not been his intention to say anything about the substitution, but next morning he could not help referring to the improved quality of the beverage.

"This is something like tea, this morning," he said. "Don't you notice the difference?"

"No, I don't," said his wife. "It tastes to me exactly like the tea we have been drinking for the last month, and so it should, for it is the same tea."

The husband laughed. "That's just like a woman," he said. "You never know what is good and what isn't unless we tell you. Now, I could have told you with my eyes shut that this tea is better than what we have been drinking."

"It is a pity you haven't been drinking with your eyes shut all along," retorted the lady. "Anyway, it is the same tea."

"Now, I'll just prove to you," said her husband, "how defective a woman's sense of taste is. Yesterday I bought a pound of 3s. 6d. tea, threw out what was in the caddy, and put mine in its place. And to think that you never noticed the difference!"

"Which caddy did you empty?"

"One on the upper shelf of the pantry," was the reply.

"I thought so," said the lady quietly. "That was some special tea I kept for special occasions. The caddy with the cheap tea is in the cupboard in the kitchen; and this," she added, with an exasperating smile, as she lifted the teapot, "was made out of the self-same caddy as it has been every morning. What a blessing it must be to you to possess such a cul-

tivated taste! I have heard that tea-tasters get very high salaries. Now, why don't you—"

But he cut her remarks short by leaving the room.—Exchange.

Cause for Joy.

"Well, now, which do you think is correct, 'measles is' or 'measles are'?" chucklingly inquired the landlord of the Torpidville tavern. "Also, would you say, 'The Glee Club are' or 'the Glee Club is'?"

"D'know!" replied the patient-churn man, shortly. "Those old catch-questions don't interest me a little bit. But what I'd like to know is why everybody looks so pleased and smiling to-day? Is there a picnic or celebration or something of the sort on the tapis?"

"No, skurcelly that. It's the relief that is tickling 'em, not anticipation. You see, the Glee Club of the village Academy was going to give a concert and cantata to-morrow night, assisted by our best local talent, and now the measles have, or has, as the case may be, broken out, up there in the temple of learnin', and every member of the Glee Club have, or has, got it, or them, good and plenty and the entertainment has been indefinitely—haw! haw!—postponed."—"Watson's Magazine."

A Toast for St. Patrick's Day.

"St. Patrick was a gentleman, who, through strategy and stealth, Drove all the snakes from Ireland—Here's a bumper to his health But not too many bumpers, lest we lose."

Ourselves and then Forget the good St. Patrick, and see The snakes again."—"Franciscan Review."

Mr. Tymid—I asked your father for his consent over the telephone. Miss Freak—What did he say? Mr. Tymid—He said, "I don't know who you are, but it's all right!"

Visitor (in art gallery)—Ah, this large painting represents a jungle scene in India. I suppose that is a boa constrictor running along the ground?

Guide—Boa constrictor! Why, that is the celebrated artist's signature!"—"Answers."

Society at the Capital

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Thursday turned out to be one of the most unfavorable days, as far as the weather was concerned, for a public event, the ceremonies and functions in connection with the opening of Parliament went off without a hitch. Each year seems to bring a larger crowd than its predecessor to the Capital to participate in the gayeties of opening week, and on Thursday, although not a very large number of Ottawans themselves attended the ceremony, yet the floor of the Senate Chamber, as well as the galleries which held spectators, had their limits taxed to the very utmost. In fact, one worthy senator is said to have become so incensed at the discomfort caused by the excessive number of outsiders admitted that he left the Senate Chamber in indignation at being crowded out of his rightful domain. As usual, everyone had kept her best "bib and tucker" for the occasion. From every part of the Dominion came the wives and daughters of our noble senators and members, each vying with the other as to the magnificence of her toilette, and the result was a most gorgeous scene, not soon to be forgotten. Contrasting strongly with the dulness and grayness of things in general out of doors, the brilliance of the Senate Chamber, with its myriads of electric lights and brilliant crimson furnishings, was particularly striking. His Excellency arrived punctually at three o'clock, and in about half an hour the state part of the function was completed, at the conclusion of which everyone betook themselves to one or both of the receptions which were held in the apartments of the Speakers of the Commons and Senate. Many greetings and renewals of acquaintances made in former sessions took place, and "all went merry as a marriage bell" for an hour or so. Space forbids the mention of the legion of exquisite gowns worn on the occasion. Lady Grey was most beautifully and regally gowned in deep violet chiffon velvet, the long train bordered with chinchilla, and the bodice trimmed with point lace and touches of gold; a tiara and necklace of diamonds completed a most gorgeous costume. Lady Victoria Grenfell was also in violet, her gown being of crepe de Chine, and she also wore magnificent jewels and carried Parma violets. Lady Sybil Grey wore a simple gown of white pointed d'esprit over silver tissue, and Lady Evelyn Grey was in black over white silk, and each wore a wreath of pink roses in her hair. Lady Alix Beauclerc's gown was an exceedingly handsome one, of white satin, embroidered in opalescent sequins. Mrs. Hanbury Williams wore white chiffon, with sequined trimmings and pearl tiara and necklace. Lady Laurier's gown was a magnificent one of heavy ivory moiré, embroidered in gold bow-knots, and trimmed with Duchesse lace; she carried American Beauty roses and wore a diamond tiara and necklace of opals and diamonds. Mrs. Mortimer Clark, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and the Misses Clark were among the distinguished visitors present. Mrs. Clark wearing a gown of pink moiré, with an overdress of Venetian point lace and pink wreath in the hair. Miss Clark was gowned in white satin, with chiffon trimmings, the bodice draped with spangled net, and Miss Elise Clark looked very smart in white net over chiffon, with touches of turquoise blue throughout the costume and blue flowers in her coiffure.

The State dinner at Government House in the evening was the next function on the tapis, when the guests included, as the title signifies, a brilliant assemblage of the various dignitaries of both Church and State, as well as military officials from all parts of Canada, to the number of one hundred and six. Immediately following the dinner a reception was held in the drawing-rooms by Lady Grey for the wives and daughters of the dinner-guests, which was well attended. The dinner itself was of a most elaborate description, lasting for two hours, and the floral decorations were superb. The Guards' Band played the most inspiring music throughout the evening.

As a finishing touch to the imposing ceremonies of the week the drawing-room on Saturday night, held in the Senate Chamber by Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Grey, was the most successful that has been held for many years. Although, apparently, as largely attended as in former years, the crowding and tedious waiting that have always characterized the various suppers and by different hostesses as a second venture, were conspicuous by their absence, owing, no doubt, to better management in the arrangements. Everything was very prompt, and at nine o'clock the first presentation was made, Lady Victoria Grenfell being at the head of the long line, and after she had made her courtesy she was immediately followed by her sisters, the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, and the other ladies of the household. Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Lady Laurier, and so on in order of precedence till a procession of eight hundred had made their obeisance before vice-royalty, and at half-past ten o'clock the important ceremony was a thing of the past, and all left to finish up the evening at one or other of the various suppers given by different hostesses as a fitting close to this important ceremony. The gowns of the ladies, as at the opening, were particularly handsome. Lady Grey wore an exquisite court gown of white chiffon and satin, trimmed with white velvet and embroidered in roses, with a court train of shot amber and green silk, a tiara of diamonds and rope of sapphires and pearls. Lady Victoria Grenfell was gowned also in white satin, brocaded in silver, and wore a rope of pearls with diamond pendant. Lady Sybil Grey's gown was a very rich shade of champagne, trimmed with bands of violet velvet, embroidered in pearls. Lady Evelyn Grey

The Automobile & Supply Co., Limited

24 TEMPERANCE STREET



RAMBLER SURRIE.

AGENTS IN CANADA FOR

Rambler	Royal Tourist	Stoddard-Dayton	Oldsmobile
Pierce-Arrow	Marion	Star	Columbia

The Automobile & Supply Co., Limited

24 TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO

SHOE FAITH



The above is style 277, for women—dull kid blucher top, patent vamp and toe, the new high heel and arch, slender smart shape. Goodyear Process.

SUPPOSE a shoemaker tells you that his shoe has oak soles.

How do you know? Suppose a shoemaker tells you that his shoe is made of the finest calf and kid. How do you know? You've got to buy a shoe mostly on faith—faith in the honesty and integrity of the maker.

In whom can you put the most faith? In the maker having no reputation or in the maker with a reputation as valuable as that of the Slater Shoe Company? The one can afford to sell any kind of a shoe. He has nothing to lose. The other can afford to sell nothing but the best shoe he knows how to make. He has a \$500,000 reputation to lose.

The Slater Shoe Company has spent 50 years and hundreds of thousands of dollars building its reputation, now reputed to be worth half a million. It can lose that reputation in one year by lowering quality.

Would it pay?

Throughout Canada at \$3.50 and \$4.00—\$1.00 less than American makes, and precisely the same shoe as American makes. For men and women.

THE SLATER SHOE

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

MAY BE HAD IN TORONTO AT THE FOLLOWING SLATER SHOE STORES:

528 QUEEN STREET
J. Jupp & Son, 810 Queen Street East.

117 YONGE STREET
Toronto Junction—Thomas Powell

wore white also, her gown being of satin and silver tissue, with which was worn handsome pearl ornaments. Lady Alix Beauclerc wore an Empire gown of pale blue velvet, with touches of silver and pearl and opal jewels. Over one hundred debutants were presented, and among the long list of presentations there were quite a few "American" visitors.

Naturally, in the shadow of these greater events, the usual social routine was a trifle neglected for a few days, but nevertheless many smaller gatherings crept in during the week, several being given as "good-byes" to Lady Victoria Grenfell, who left Ottawa on Sunday, the 11th, taking with her her younger sister, Lady Evelyn Grey, who goes to spend the season in London.

Mrs. John Gilmour gave a very smart tea in honor of Lady Victoria Grenfell and Lady Evelyn Grey at the Golf Club on Wednesday, when pink and white tulips abounded everywhere and cheerful log fires blazed brightly in every room. Mrs. David Gilmour and Miss Muriel Burrows presided over the pretty flower-bedecked tea-table, and the other guests included Lady Alix Beauclerc, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier, Mrs. and Miss Crombie, Mrs. L. K. Jones, Mrs. Collingwood Schrieber, Mrs. A. G. Palmer, Mrs. Ralph Jones, Mrs. Allan Cassels and Miss Wragge of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Du Domaine of Halifax, the Misses Oliver, Miss Lola Toller, Miss Maud Borden, Miss Marjorie Powell, Miss Hughson, and her guest, Miss Ayr of Bangor, Maine, Colonel and Miss Irwin, Mrs. W. J. Anderson, Miss Gormully, Miss Lil-

lian Daintry, Captain Newton, Mr. Pugsley, Mr. Fritz Ridley, Mr. Harry Southam, Mr. Gladwyn MacDougall and many others.

Mrs. E. C. Grant was another hostess who entertained at tea for Lady Victoria Grenfell, and Mrs. Vernon Eaton also gave a "telet" in honor of this popular guest on Friday.

Nearly every household in the Capital has welcomed a guest—and in some cases two or three—during the week, the sessional gayeties being the principal attraction, and besides those whose duty calls them to the seat of government at this special season, some of the visitors are: Lady and Miss Eileen Hingston of Montreal, who were at Government House for a few days, and now are with Mrs. D'Arcy Scott; Mrs. A. A. Robert of Montreal, who is visiting Lady Laurier; Miss Vassie of St. John, N.B., who is the guest of Hon. W. S. and Mrs. Fielding; Mrs. Alec Allan of Brockville, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Allan of Montreal; Miss Arabella Drury of Halifax and Miss Hilda Fuller of Guelph, who are Dr. and Mrs. Mills' guests; Miss de Levy MacDonald of Montreal, who is paying Mrs. Chadwick a short visit; Miss Beatrice Spragge of Toronto, who is with her brother, Mr. Godfrey Spragge, and Mrs. Spragge; Miss Hilda Reid of Toronto, who is the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Toller; Miss Ella Macdougall of Montreal, who is with Mrs. Ward Hughson, and so on through a list too long to individualize further; and from now on during the session each

week will bring additional welcome visitors to the Capital.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, March 12th, 1906.

Mrs. Denison, 22 Carlton street, will open for the spring trade with latest exclusive New York and Paris novelties, choice old laces, etc. Tailored suits a specialty.

Coming to Shea's.

For the week of March 10 to the 11th Shea's Theatre will be headed by the Kaufman Troupe of bicyclists, who have been appearing all season at the New York Hippodrome. Others who will be seen are Emma Francis and her Whirlwind Arabs, Callahan and Mack, Burton and Brooks, Harry Atkinson and Alfred Arneson.

An Omission.

A windy, turgid ocean, white-capped and terrible. A few sea-birds, skirling mournfully round, and on the crest of a limpid wave the body of a sailor. Troubles are over now, Jack. The sea you lived on all your life has bered you to herself at last.

Altogether a very fine picture, and it was appropriately titled "Flotsam and Jetsam." They were from the country, and unfamiliar with the tragedies of the sea, but they stood in solemn silence before the picture for some moments. "Somethin' wrong about that," said Mr. Piggins at last. "Them artistic 'saps oughter be more careful. There's poor old Flot-Sam all right enough; but where's Jet-Sam—eh? 'E's forgot to put 'im in.'—"Tit-Bits."



The Measure of Piano Quality

"Equal to a Gerhard Heintzman."
"Built similar to a Gerhard Heintzman."
"Resembles a Gerhard Heintzman."

These and other similar statements are frequently made by rival manufacturers and dealers, which is their acknowledgment of the **Gerhard Heintzman** superiority.

Gerhard Heintzman Piano

may cost you a little more than other Canadian pianos, but it is much the cheapest in the end for **quality remains long after price is forgotten.**

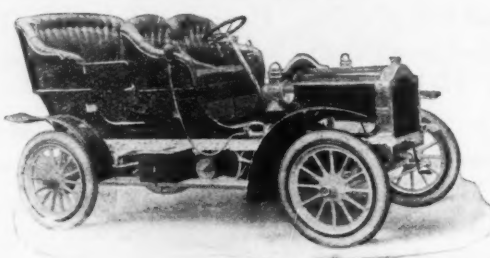
Catalogue and printed matter mailed free.

Gerhard Heintzman Limited

97 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
Hamilton Warerooms—127 King St. East.

The "RUSSELL"

THE 1906 LEADER



MODEL B. \$1,500.00.

Our new models are out. Samples may be seen and demonstrations arranged at Dominion Automobile Co.'s (Limited) showrooms, corner Bay and Temperance Streets.

MODEL C—24 H.P., 4 CYLINDER TOURING CAR, \$5,500

MODEL B—16 H.P., 2 CYLINDER TOURING CAR, \$1,500

MODEL A—12 H.P., 2 CYLINDER TOURING CAR, \$1,300

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited
WORKS, TORONTO JUNCTION

DISADVANTAGE OF BEING A PRECIOUS ONLY CHILD.

THIS is the day of small families, and the only child is becoming so numerous that he forces himself upon one's attention. Some foolish parents believe that it is better to have one child and rear him with tender care than to have a dozen and let them grow up haphazard, like weeds. Such a belief, however, is error and incalculably detrimental to the only child.

Children are spoiled by much attention. The average child thrives best and grows naturally into a pretty decent person, as human beings go, when neglected in a wholesome fashion, says the San Francisco "Bulletin." The only child is a pampered pet, as a rule, who is bred in the habit of being waited on, and who lacks the valuable experience of having his head punched by his brothers and of undergoing lectures on politeness from his sisters. He has never been required to sleep double or three in a bed, and to give up his share of the couch and repose on a "shake-down" when one of his bedmates happened to fall ill. He knows none of the shifts of a large family in a small house. He has not enjoyed the precious lessons that come from frank and fraternal if somewhat brutal commentaries on his character by his brothers and sisters. No member of a large family goes to the bad for want of candid and corrective criticism.

There is something pitiable in the condition of the precocious and petulant only child, taught to know more than becomes his years, and accus-

tomed to having his whims and opinions respected and his wishes served. Such a child goes into the world unprepared for the conflict, and too often is unable to stand up against the rude buffets of competition. The rough world makes no allowance for the peculiar bringing up of the only child, a bringing up which breeds faults for which the only child is not responsible. It is a very rare and very wise pair of parents that manage to rear an only child without spoiling him.

The Soul's Bath.

At even when the roseate deeps
Of daylight dim from heaven's bars,
The soul her earth-worn garment slips,

And naked stands beneath the stars;
And there unto that river vast,
That mighty tide of night, whose

With splendid planets, brimming past,
Doth wash the ancient rim of earth,
She comes and plunges in; and laves

Her weariness in that vast tide,
That life-renewing deep, whose waves
Are wide as night is wide.

Then from the pure translucent flow
Of that unplumbed, invigorating sea,
Godlike in truth's white spirit-glow
She stands unshamed and free.

—William Wilfred Campbell, in "Collected Poems."

He—Wise men hesitate—only fools are certain.
She—Are you sure?
"I'm quite certain of it!"
Then she laughed.



For the second time in a decade, I see the Consuls-General are said to have left the drawing-room at Ottawa in a huff, without being presented, because of some fancied slight in provision for their entree. It is quite too bad that these gorgeous beings should not have graced the assemblage, for the presence of the foreign Consuls-General, in their gold lace and wearing their orders, the Jap Consul Nosse in his national costume, and the United States Consul, in his simple evening suit, always gives the finishing touch to the ceremony of veils and feathers. Let the Consuls-General have their stated entree, and let them not be put into these disconcerting tantrums!

Among those recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Mr. E. H. D. Hall, Mr. J. W. Bennett, Miss Lundy, Peterborough; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Maughan, Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Miss Lennox, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Miss Semple, Toronto; Mrs. H. Graham, Owen Sound; Mrs. F. W. Avery and daughter, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. Lighthall, Mrs. C. J. McCuaig, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. W. F. Giles, Mrs. Brodie, Mrs. H. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Macdonald, Mrs. J. Y. Scott, Miss Elliott, Misses Armour, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Wrong, Mrs. Heineman, Miss Winifred Darling, Mrs. Jack Meredith, Mrs. and Master Gordon Hellmuth, Mrs. Charles Wurtele, Mrs. F. E. Macdonald, Miss Marjorie Macdonald, Mrs. W. P. Gundy, Mrs. Williamson, Toronto; Mrs. Charles Magee, Mrs. Snowdon, Ottawa; Mrs. and Miss McGivern, Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund W. Burke have taken up their residence at 77 Dupont street. Mrs. Burke will be at home on Fridays.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helena Fredrica Smith, second daughter of the late George H. Smith, and Mr. Howard Ritson Wellington, son of Mr. John R. Wellington of Toronto.

A three-act farce comedy, entitled "Facing the Music," will be put on at Theater Albert, Stratford, the latter part of April by local amateurs. The play was written by Mr. J. H. Darnley. Among those who will take part are Miss Barron, Miss Thorold, Miss Fraser, Miss L. Woods, Mr. T. G. Delamere, Mr. Bell and Mr. G. P. Ryder. Several of those mentioned have on previous occasions taken part in amateur theatricals.

Miss Helene Mills has returned to University College after attending the drawing-room and other social functions at the Capital.

Mrs. Evelyn Choate of Buffalo, a friend of Miss Minnie Parsons, was Mrs. Parsons' guest during her visit this week. Mrs. Parsons asked the patronesses of Mrs. Choate's Wagner recitals and a few others to meet her guest at the tea-hour on Thursday. Das Rheingold and Die Walkure were Mrs. Choate's themes Thursday and last evening. Next Thursday and Friday she will take Siegfried and Gotterdammerung. The recitals are held in St. Margaret's College Concert Hall, at 8.30.

Travellers' Cheques.

In denominations, \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, with equivalents in foreign monies printed on each. No discount. No delays. Accepted by principal Hotels, Banks, S.S. Companies, etc., all over the world. Issued by Dominion Express Company, Yonge and Wellington street, Toronto. Call or write for full particulars.

How Edison Smokes.

Mr. Edison once complained to a man in the tobacco business that he, the inventor, could not account for the rapidity with which the cigars disappeared from a box that he always kept in his office. The "Wizard" was not inclined to think that he smoked them all himself.

The tobacco man suggested that he make up some cigars—"fake" them, in other words—with a well-known label on the outside.

"I'll fill 'em with horseshair and hard rubber," said he. "Then you'll find that there will not be so many missing."

"All right," said Mr. Edison, and he forgot all about the matter.

Several weeks later, when the tobacco man was again calling on the inventor, the latter suddenly said:

"Look here! I thought you were going to fix me up some fake cigars."

"Why, I did!" exclaimed the other, in hurt surprise.

"When?"

"Don't you remember the flat box with the green label—cigars in bundle form, tied with yellow ribbon?"

Edison smiled reflectively. "Do you know," he finally said, in abashed tones, "I smoked every one of those cigars myself!"—"Saturday Evening Post."

Paris vs. Evansville.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon has a good story of an Indiana man whose birthplace, Evansville, will ever keep a loving memory in his heart.

Some years ago this faithful son of Indiana was enabled, by reason of an inheritance, to make a trip abroad. Upon his return the Evansville people were anxious to have his impressions of "furrin parts," a wish with which the traveller obligingly complied.

"Tell us all about Paris," some one finally suggested.

"Paris," observed the Evansville man, gravely, "is certainly a wonderful place, gent's—all things considered, a wonderful place. But," he added thoughtfully, "Evansville for pleasure."

THE STANDARD CIGAR BRANDS OF HAVANA

MADE BY

The Independent Cigar Manufacturers

OF HAVANA, CUBA

Partagas

Punch

High Life

Jose Otero

Romeo y Julieta

Por Larranaga

El Ecuador

Benjamin Franklin

H. Upmann

Castaneda

Figaro

Lord Nelson

The above brands are made under the personal control and supervision of the oldest cigar manufacturers in Cuba, thus retaining for each its own individuality. To be had at all the leading Cigar Stores throughout Canada. Chas. Landau, P.O. Box 692 Montreal, Sole representative for Canada.

THE BLACK BOTTLE

THE BLACK BOTTLE



THIS
WHISKY
MAY BE
EQUALLED,
BUT
CANNOT BE
EXCELLED

NOT THE
BEST
WHISKY
IN THE
WORLD
BUT ONE
OF THEM

SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA

William Garret & Co., Limited

26 and 28 ST. SULPICE STREET,

MONTREAL, QUE.

A Judicial Privilege.

In a Southern court one day, says a well-known attorney, one of the counsel paused in his argument, remarking to the judge:

"I observe that your Honor shakes his head at that statement. I desire to re-affirm it, although your Honor dissents."

"I am not aware," coldly responded the judge, "that I have intimated how I shall construe the evidence, nor what my decision will be in the premises. Your remark is, therefore, entirely uncalled for."

"Your Honor shook his head," "True," said the judge, "there was a fly on my ear. And I'll have you know, sir, that I reserve the right to remove a fly in whatever manner pleases me."—"Harper's Weekly."

An Expert Opinion.

"Will alcohol dissolve sugar?" "It will," replied the Old Soak; "it will dissolve gold, brick houses and horses, and happiness, and love and everything else worth having."—Exchange.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

CLUTE—On Saturday, March 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clute of 19 Walmer road, a daughter.

GUNN—At 36 Laval avenue, Montreal, on Friday, March 9, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Gunn, a son.

BAYLEY—Toronto, March 12, Mrs. H. C. Bayley, a daughter.

HODGETTS—Toronto, March 11, Mrs. Charles A. Hodgetts, a daughter.

MUIR—Toronto, March 12, Mrs. A. R. Muir, a daughter.

Marriages.

DIXON—OLIVER—Toronto, March 7, Alice Moffatt Oliver to Dr. M. L. Dixon.

GRAY—HUME—Toronto, March 14, Sarah Jane Hume to Mark Gray.

Deaths.

HOWE—Toronto, March 14, Robert T. Howe.

KAPPEL—Toronto, March 11, Rev. Stephen Kappele, aged 76 years.

MORRISON—Toronto, March 13,

Elizabeth Morrison, aged 43 years.
SMITH—Toronto, March 14, Mrs. Hannah Berkeley Smith, aged 72 years.
SAULTER—Toronto, March 11, Thomas Saulter, aged 56 years.
WARREN—Toronto, March 10, Mrs. Frances Anne Warren, aged 81 years.

W. H. STONE
UNDERTAKER
32 Carlton Street.

Established 1869.
DANIEL STONE
The Leading Undertaker
Phone M. 931. 385 Yonge St.

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)
The Leading Undertaker
389 Yonge St. Phone M. 679